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SIXPENCE.

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The Secretary.

The Commodore.

The King.



"GOOD NIGHT, SIR": ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON OFFICIALS ESCORTING THE KING TO THE LANDING-STAGE AFTER THE CLUB DINNER AT COWES, AUGUST 7.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS AT COWES.

On the evening of August 7, the King dined with his fellow members of the Royal Yacht Squadron at the club-house, Cowes. On his departure, his Majesty was accompanied to the landing-stage by the Commodore, the Marquess of Ormonde, the Secretary, Mr. Thomas Pasley, and other members.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

MR. LYULPH STANLEY gave notice of a dreadful question in the House of Commons. It was—"To ask the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee whether the Cheshire cheese supplied in the dining-room of the House is invariably the product of Cheshire, or whether it is an American or Canadian 'imitation'; if the latter, whether he will undertake that members asking for Cheshire cheese shall be able to obtain the same?" I feel a vast elemental sympathy with this protest. I know quite well, of course, how the principle of it might be carried to extremes; I know how it might be parodied by the entertaining sceptic. He might suggest that there are many things in a menu which do not strictly answer to their name. Suppose a member of Parliament put down a question like this—"To ask the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee whether the Welsh rare-bits supplied in the dining-room of the House are real zoological rabbits, and whether they are invariably the product of Wales; or if not, whether he will undertake that members actually asking for the Welsh variety shall be able to obtain it as shot on its native hills?" Or you might have a question about Salade Russe, "whether it is invariably the product of Russia?" or about Sauce Hollandaise, "whether members asking to have it direct from Holland shall be able to obtain the same?"

I know all this. I know that these terms of nationality or locality are constantly used without any reason at all. When I was a child and had a shilling box of water-colours, I used to think that French ultramarine was purely French; I used to think that Prussian blue was really Prussian. Between them I used to make historic fights, such as Sedan or Austerlitz. One colour in the box told a tragedy in itself. It seemed named after the sacking of a splendid Italian town. It was called Burnt Siena. But I have come to realise that in the coarse commerce of the world these local titles have little local origin. All this unmeaning nomenclature is to be passed by as part of the natural attempt of an art—the art of cookery—to make itself a mystery. This explains the use of a French menu. People laugh at the Roman Catholics putting their prayers into a strange tongue; but they never reflect that all rich men put even their beef and mutton into a strange tongue before they will consent to eat it. Allowance must be made for this human instinct of symbolism, for this natural artificiality. But there are some things too sacred for us to play with; there are some things too serious to be spoken of except sincerely. And one of these awful things is cheese.

Cheese is a thing of sublime European importance, if only because of its antiquity. I do not intend any idiotic joke in speaking of the antiquity of cheese. Cheese and wine are the two things of which we can read in the remote pastoral poems of the Romans. And in connection with such really ancient matters there is a curious thing to be noticed. The older things are the more they are really fresh and free and varied, the more they differ really from town to town and from valley to valley. The new things are entirely the same wherever they go. Bears' soap in the Hebrides is the same as Bears' soap in London. There is not some dark and delicate variety of Bears' soap suited to the stormy islets in the ultimate sea. The men who use Bears' soap do not find it smell faintly different; the children who eat Bears' soap do not find it taste with an exquisite difference merely because it is experienced in that fringe of indeterminate and rainy islands where, as Mr. W. B. Yeats would say—

Time and the world and all things dwindle out.

The people in the Hebrides either know Bears' soap or they do not: their enemies say not. But if they know Bears' soap at all, it is Bears', not theirs. It is the same exact and excellent article that is sold in a shop in Regent Street. But it would not be thus if the soap were cheese. If the people of the Hebrides had a cheese it would be an awful, shadowy, Hebridean cheese. It would taste of the terrible headlands and the hopeless sea. It is so, I say, with all the old things, and with cheese especially. Cheese changes from county to county. Cheese can even change, like wine, from valley to valley. It is exactly because it is very old that it is always various and surprising; and it is exactly because humanity (with one dreadful voice) demands cheese, that cheese is always different. I am altogether in favour of such differences and the preservation of them. I fully understand Mr. Lyulph Stanley's eagerness that Cheshire cheese obtainable in London should be really cheese from Cheshire. I only doubt whether on strict principles Cheshire cheese ought to be obtainable in London at all. If Mr. Lyulph Stanley really desires it, if he loves it as it should be loved, let him go to Cheshire and get it. Let him make a pilgrimage with bent back and burning eyes, full of the thought that when he gets to Cheshire he will ecstatically eat its cheese. And as for London, why has it not its own cheeses? Why do we not hear of a quiet, satisfying cheese of Hammer-

smith competing with the pungent and passionate cheese of Brompton? In any case, the broad fact is clear. It is precisely the things that have been most continuous that are able to be most diverse. The more old a thing is the more full of life it is. This again has been especially noticed in the case of cheese.

I am glad to see that "The Imperial Society of Dance Teachers" (why Imperial I don't know, unless it includes Indian fakirs) has urged that dancing should be taken more seriously than it is. Most sports are taken a great deal too seriously. If dancing is not taken seriously, it really does mean that men do not realise that it is a sport, to say nothing of an art. People "romp" the Lancers. They do not "romp" a game of tennis. I should be sorry for the light-hearted person who presumed to "romp" a game of cricket. All these sports turn their servants not only into enthusiasts, but even into ascetics. Why should dancing be the only thing that people will not take any trouble to do properly? The act of moving one's limbs to music is absolutely primary; everyone tries to do it when he hears a barrel-organ. Why should young men who would not dare to break a little bye-law of lawn-tennis or croquet think the laws of dancing only made to be broken? Is it only because dancing is (unlike croquet) really beautiful, and a part of all the old religions of mankind? Dancing has slowly turned from a serious thing into a flippant one. Cricket has slowly turned from an amusement into an obligation.

I read with a proper reverence the scientific pronouncements upon physical education, such as that of Professor Sadler and of Sir Lauder Brunton at the British Association. But I entertain a private suspicion that physical sports were much more really effective and beneficent when they were not taken quite so seriously. One of the first essentials of sport being healthy is that it should be delightful; it is rapidly becoming a false religion with austerities and prostrations. Cricket must have been very delightful in the days when schoolmasters discouraged it. The spectacle of a schoolmaster playing cricket with his boys would have seemed exactly like the spectacle of the same schoolmaster trundling a hoop. The whole fun of a game was the absence of a master; and if there is one thing absolutely certain in the psychology of boyhood it is that there can never be any fun or real ease in his presence. And I do not think that our fathers, whose sports were merely sportive, were less virile than we; they took cricket more gaily and war more seriously. This frightful solemnity in sport is the real cause of the corruptions that have arisen in it. We have not made cricket and football professional because of any astonishing avarice or any new vulgarity. We have made them professional because we would have them perfect. We have dedicated men to them as to some god of an inhuman excellence. We care more for football than we care for the fun of playing football. The modern Englishman cares more for cricket than for being a cricketer? And having taken the frivolous things seriously we naturally take the serious things frivolously. Our Derby is the most important thing in England. Our Mother of Parliaments is only the best club in London. We have good guns for the Twelfth of August, and bad guns for the Relief of Ladysmith. We fast for a boat-race; but we dress for church.

Sir Lauder Brunton said a great deal in favour of Ju-jitsu: a matter of which I know nothing. A friend of mine, after carefully studying the art for some time, said that, as far as he could understand, ju-jitsu was ordinary wrestling with the addition of foul play. However this may be, the popularity of the sport is doubtless one of the fashions generated by the Japanese victory; if such be the mental association, it is rather a fallacious one. The Japanese victory is a great glory for the Japanese people; but it is not a glory for the Japanese methods, or even for the Japanese civilisation. The victory was won entirely by imitation of Europe, and if there had been no such imitation it certainly would not have been won at all. The victors did not win by Japanese wrestling or by anything Japanese. Kuroki did not ju-jitsu Kuropatkin in the face of both armies. The victory had no more to do with the Japs knowing ju-jitsu and the Russians not than it had to do with the fact that a Japanese nobleman wears two swords while a Russian nobleman wears one. But these fashions always follow a victory, and men imitate the clothes, the philosophies, and the wallpapers of the victors. Someone told me once that the English regiments never wore spikes on their helmets until after the Franco-German War. They seemed to think (as he truly said) that the German soldiers butted with their heads. It was odd, but not odder than this merely vague admiration of ju-jitsu. I have no doubt that this scheme of wrestling is a very effective and exciting one. But it is none the less a mistake to trust to it merely because it was an old Japanese institution. It was precisely the old Japanese institutions that had to be destroyed or abandoned before the nation began its success. Before the triumph over Russia, before the triumph over China, there was first of all a triumph over Japan.

THE NEAR EAST AND THE LONG VACATION.

WHEN Parliament rises, and the men who, following in the footsteps of Miss Rosa Dartle, are always "wanting to know" take holiday, foreign affairs often make considerable progress. The Foreign Secretary can attend to his business without having to rely at critical moments upon terminological inexactitudes, and no development, however striking, is hampered by the idle comment that is so dangerous to the proper conduct of foreign affairs. How often is a Foreign Secretary beset with foolish questions in order that Slacombe or Eatonswill may be reminded that its representative is enjoying life and vigour at Westminster? It is safe to say that many questions affecting the foreign interests of Great Britain will be decided before the Mother of Parliaments reassembles, and doubtless special attention will be given to parts of the world where Turkish and British interests clash. Egypt, the peninsula of Sinai, Tripoli—the Turk is ill at ease in all these places; and in the extreme east of the Padishah's dominions, among people over whom his rule is merely a religious one, questions that are incidentally of great interest to this country cry aloud for settlement.

Since the Kaiser made his pilgrimage to Palestine in the spring of 1898, German activity between Beyrout and the Persian Gulf has been very noticeable, and it would be late in the day to call attention in this place to the schemes for railway development that have cried for British capital from the high places of Berlin. In Constantinople the German Ambassador has the Sultan's ear, but to the east of Yildiz Kiosk, where the coveted lands lie, Germany remains at a discount, France stands at par, and Great Britain is quoted at a premium, if it be permissible to borrow the language of the financial world. In spite of the Tabah incident, in spite of the lies that have been circulated in Constantinople concerning British interference in Arabia, the Turk who is not directly under the influence of Palace intrigues has faith and confidence in Great Britain, and wishes to preserve the best relations with this country. In this connection a very significant fact may be set down here. Some years ago the fortification of Akabah was decided upon at Constantinople, on the advice of Von der Goltz Pasha, the clever German who has reorganised the Sultan's army. Orders were given to the Vali of Damascus and the Commander of the Fifth Army Corps of the Turkish forces to see to the fortifications without delay. Both these men are Anglophiles. Each saw the danger that would tread upon the heels of action, and consequently a diplomatic communication was sent to Yildiz asking for credits for fifty thousand pounds to set the work on foot. Needless to say, the money was not forthcoming, and the work was shelved. When the voices of the Anglophobes at Yildiz prevailed in the beginning of this year, fresh orders were sent out, with results that are now public property. We have reason to believe that both the Vali of Damascus and the General Commanding the Fifth Army Corps have been relieved of their posts since the rupture of Turco-British relations.

Recent happenings in Egypt have strengthened the British position at Constantinople, for the Turks, like all Orientals, admire strength, and have nothing but contempt for weakness. Sir Edward Grey has shattered the old belief that any Liberal Foreign Minister—with a possible exception in favour of Lord Rosebery—can be cajoled or bullied out of a strong position. Turks, Syrians, and Arabs realise that Great Britain is the greatest of all Mohammedan Powers, that she can pull down or build up, that her hand, if heavy, is clean. Now that France has jeopardised her position as protector of Christianity in the Near East, the place is offered to Great Britain; Germany cannot secure it for all her endeavours, because the Kaiser's journey to Palestine, picturesque as it was in many aspects, was not enough to take captive the imagination of the Orient. The impression upon Syria was great, but not lasting. Russia has retired perforce into the twilight of the vanquished; France has made but little headway since M. Constans went to Constantinople, and the Law of Associations has damaged her position so much that she finds herself obliged to extend to the Christian settlements in Syria a measure of benevolent interest that would not be accorded to similar institutions in Paris. Germany must needs be content with the Sultan's ear, and cannot rely much longer upon that if his political aims continue to miscarry. In short, Downing Street can stretch out its hand and grasp the key of the situation in the Near East. Here lies the opportunity that the Parliamentary recess brings to a much-questioned Foreign Secretary.

There is no doubt about the immense commercial importance of the Sultan's empire in parts at present undeveloped and little known. The eastern coast of the Mediterranean holds all the harbours of seaport towns that must bring the produce of the East to the West in years to come. The railway that the Turk is building out of the subscriptions of the Faithful to carry pilgrims to the Holy Places may well be more than a religious or strategical undertaking—its commercial possibilities are infinite. Throughout Syria and Arabia the people weary of oppressive rule. Faith avails to hold them to their Padishah, but the present state of Arabia shows that the hold is not a strong one. The problems facing the Turkish Empire are many and of the first importance. If Abdul Hamid II. decides to cling to his old methods of misrule, his power in Arabia may yet bleed to death, and once a great branch of Islam throws off allegiance, there will be uprising at home.

No help can come to the Sultan from Berlin, the exigencies of the political situation in middle Europe forbid any policy of adventure on the part of Germany. Great Britain, on the other hand, can help the Sultan in many ways by supporting his authority if he will but bring it into line with the requirements of civilised usage. The price may be the settlement of the Macedonian questions and a permanent arrangement of matters affecting Egyptian boundaries. Provided that sufficient concession to justice can be made, Turkey may still find herself by the side of the one Mohammedan Power that is

greater than she. But if the Sick Man should listen to the voice of Palace favourites, and ignore the wishes and sober judgment of his own subjects, he may yet live to see the Russian Eagles gathering in the North, and the sacrifice of Cyprus turned to no account, and the Holy Places of Christianity and of Islam itself reckoned among the treasure that the Turk has owned and lost. The time is ripe for negotiations, the British Foreign Secretary is a man of conspicuous ability—and Parliament has risen.

PARLIAMENT.

MOVING the Second Reading of the Education Bill in the House of Lords, the Earl of Crewe expressed a wish that for once both Houses might have sat together to consider the Bill in joint session. He asked their Lordships to refrain from condemning without full knowledge of what the Bill proposed. The Primate, in outlining his probable amendments, said that religious teaching must be given by those who meant what they said, and definite religious teaching must be accessible to those children whose parents desired it. He wished to see that teachers who had acquired a high capacity for giving religious teaching should not be silenced by a stroke of the pen. Again, Clause IV. required enlargement and strengthening, and those who had to do with the school and its life must have some voice in the appointment of its teachers. The Duke of Norfolk declared that the Bill must be drastically amended to meet the views of English Catholics. The Duke of Devonshire confessed that he could not understand how Roman Catholics and Jews could not be expected to accept Cowper-Temple teaching, while it was considered good enough for all Protestants. He was tempted to inquire why thousands of rural schools, against which no voice of complaint had ever been raised, could not be left alone instead of being brought under a uniform and cast-iron rule. The Bishop of London said that the Church of England wanted the free teaching of the Bible, and not the Bible edited by the County Council. The Bishop of Hereford thought that the Bill, which based itself upon the plain and honest devout teaching of the Bible by good teachers, was a logical Bill. He begged the Bishops to set their faces against vituperation. On the understanding that important amendments would be made before the Third Reading, the Second Reading was passed without a division.

In the House of Commons, the Trade Disputes Bill produced two scenes, and the Government majority was in one division reduced to five votes. Mr. Keir Hardie complained that Mr. Whiteley, the Liberal Whip, had said with reference to himself to another Liberal, "If you vote for this amendment, you are playing this fellow's game." The Speaker ruled that this came under the head of "peacefully persuading in a reasonable manner." Mr. Balfour complained that the Premier had broken his pledge not to discuss the Bill after eleven o'clock on Friday, and walked out of the House in protest. The Bill was eventually reported to the House amid cheers. After a short sitting on Saturday, the House adjourned till October.

ROYALTY AT COWES.

ON Saturday last King Edward and the Prince of Wales left Goodwood and proceeded to Portsmouth by motor-car, where they went on board the *Victoria and Albert*. Shortly after arriving his Majesty inspected the battle-ship *Dreadnought*, which is now in process of completion, and then proceeded to visit H.M.S. *Victory*. In the afternoon, her Majesty the Queen arrived from Buckingham Palace, travelling by special train from Victoria Station and embarked on the royal yacht. When the *Victoria and Albert* arrived in Cowes Roads, their Majesties the King and Queen of Spain, who are visiting the Island on the Spanish royal yacht *Giralda*, visited their Majesties, and the visit was returned later in the afternoon. Divine service was celebrated on the royal yacht on Sunday morning, and in the evening their Majesties gave a dinner-party in honour of the King and Queen of Spain. The Cowes Week opened on Monday with the Bank Holiday regatta of the Royal London Yacht Club. Monday saw the annual meeting of the Royal Yacht Squadron for the election of new members, and Tuesday the Club dinner, at which the King was present. Racing started on Tuesday with the handicap for the King's Cup. On Wednesday the German Emperor's fine prizes were lost and won, and on Thursday the Cowes Town prizes were to be competed for by the big handicap class. Friday was fixed for the match for schooners over one hundred tons measurement. The motor-boat races, held under the auspices of the British Motor-Boat Club and the Motor-Yacht Club, have been a special feature of the week's programme.

DISORDER IN RUSSIA.

THE dispersion of the Duma was followed promptly by trouble at Sveaborg and Cronstadt, where a naval and military revolt came to premature birth, and has been stamped out by the authorities with the usual accompaniment of bloodshed on a lavish scale. The revolutionary party has now ordered a general strike, but there is a widespread opinion that the Government can deal with it. Considerable additions have been made to the St. Petersburg garrison, and M. Stolypin is endeavouring to form a Cabinet that can grant the reforms now admitted to be necessary to keep the hungry peasants from rising. In spite of all the efforts of the Government, revolutionary appeals are being issued broadcast to the military. Soldiers are reminded that while they are being called upon to fire at people they do not know in one part of the country, men from other parts are firing on their own

wives and children at home. An appeal remarkable for eloquence, moderation, and strength has been issued by the Labour group and the Social Democratic party of the late Duma. It reminds the soldiers that Russia is not only the country of landowners and bureaucrats, but it is also the land of the poor, the down-trodden, the oppressed, the starving, and that a soldier's duty is to protect his brethren. Assassinations are reported from all sides, funds are suffering further depreciation. Needless perhaps to add that the progress of the revolutionary movement is watched with keenest anxiety in Germany and Austria.

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Spanish Guard-Ship.

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Spanish Flag-Ship.

"Victoria and Albert."



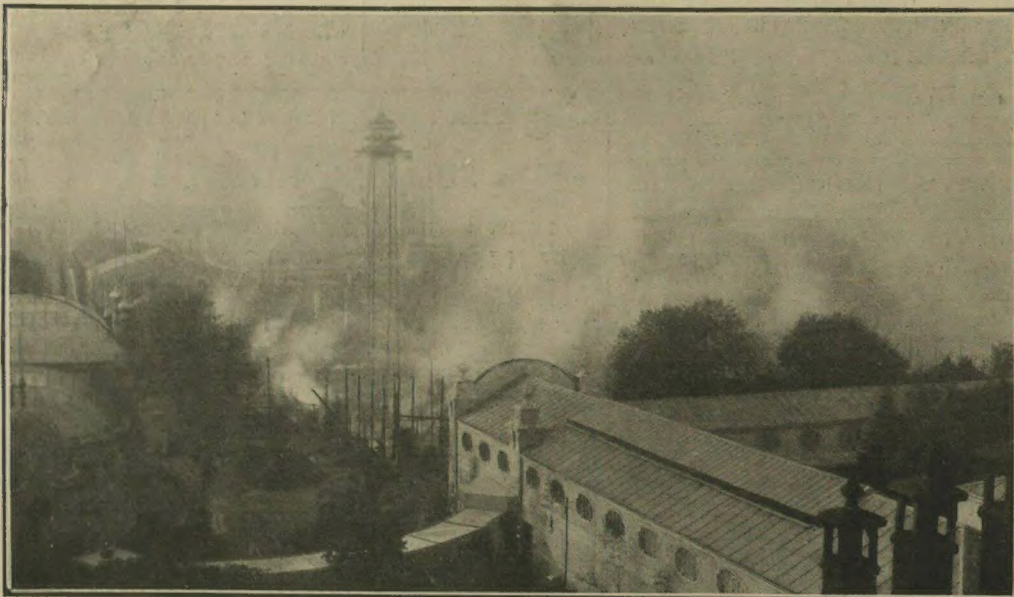
Photo. Cribb.

THE KING COMES TO COWES: HIS MAJESTY'S YACHT SALUTED BY THE SPANISH ROYAL YACHT AND GUARD-SHIPS.

On August 4, as the "Victoria and Albert" entered Cowes Roads, the royal salute was opened by King Alfonso's yacht, the "Giralda," the funnel of which appears just behind the "Victoria and Albert," and was taken up by the other guard-ships. The King's own guard-ship was the "Renown."

THE DISASTROUS FIRE AT THE MILAN EXHIBITION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS, BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, AND BY FIORILLI.



THE FIRE AT FIVE A.M.



RUINS OF THE DECORATIVE ART PAVILION.



THE DÉBRIS OF THE DECORATIVE ART PAVILION.



FIREMEN AMONG THE RUINS.

Early in the morning of August 3 a fire broke out in the Hungarian section of the Decorative Art Pavilion at the Milan Exhibition. The section was completely destroyed. With great difficulty the goldsmiths' palace, which appears in the background of our third picture, was saved from the flames. Many priceless manuscripts belonging to Milan Cathedral were destroyed.

CELEBRITIES AT COWES: STARS OF THE YACHTING FIRMAMENT.

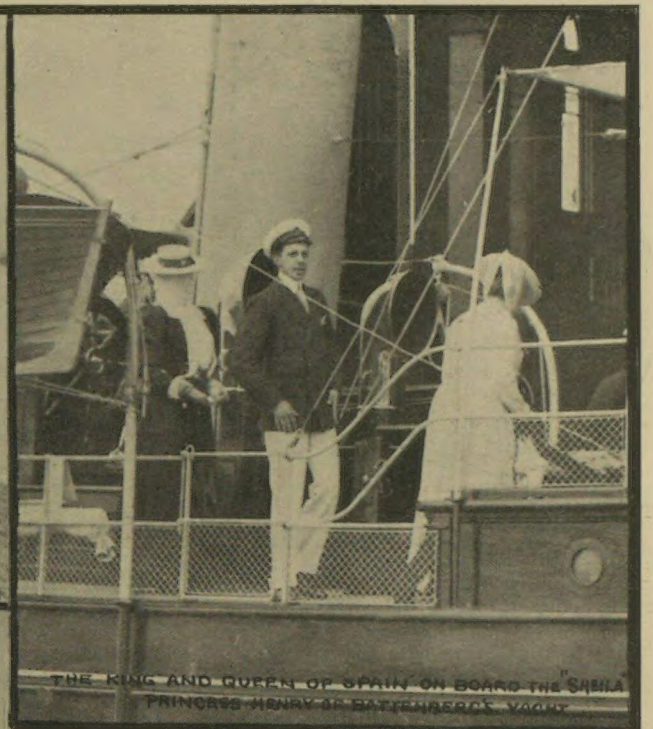
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, HALFTONES, CRIBB, AND BOWDEN.



ARRIVAL OF THE KING AT EAST COWES. HIS MAJESTY AND THE PRINCE OF WALES DRIVING TO OSBORNE COTTAGE.



THE COMMODORE AFTER MEETING THE KING. RETURNING TO THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON. THE MARQUIS OF ORMONDE



THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN ON BOARD THE 'SHEILA' PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG'S YACHT.



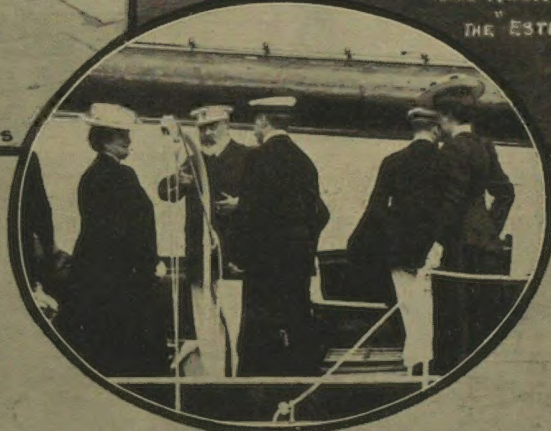
THE DUKE OF LEEDS (RIGHT) & ADMIRAL FREMANTLE (LEFT) AT COWES



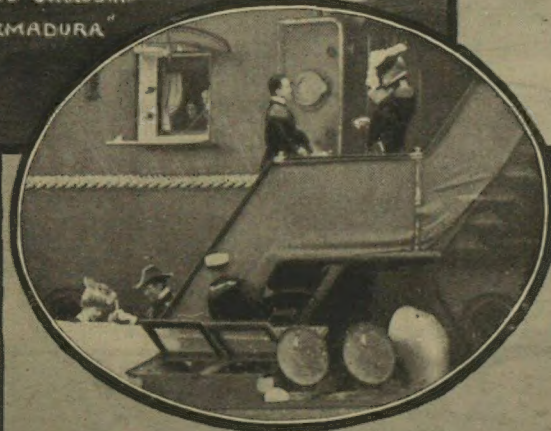
KING ALFONSO'S GUARSHIP THE 'ESTREMADURA'



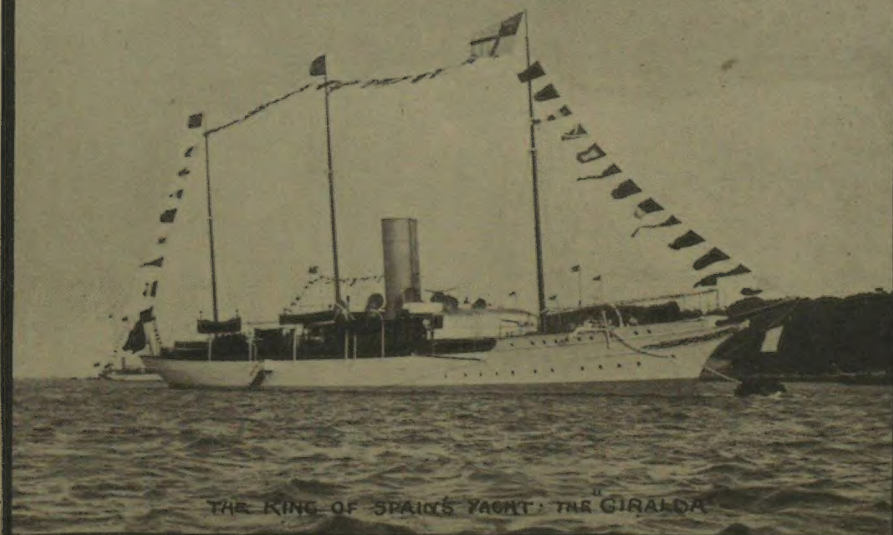
THE EARL OF CRAWFORD. (ON LEFT)



THE KING ON HIS FAMOUS CUTTER 'BRITANNIA'



THE KING RECEIVING KING ALFONSO ON BOARD THE 'VICTORIA & ALBERT'



THE KING OF SPAIN'S YACHT: THE 'GIRALDA'



THE KING'S YACHT ARRIVES: THE 'VICTORIA AND ALBERT'

A ROYAL WEEK AT COWES: THE KING, THE KING OF SPAIN, AND OTHER FAMOUS YACHTSMEN AND THEIR SHIPS.

As King Edward, on board the "Victoria and Albert," steamed into Cowes Roads for the Regatta week the first vessel to salute his Majesty was the King of Spain's pleasure-yacht "Giralda," which brought the royal Spanish bride and bridegroom to revisit Queen Victoria of Spain's old home during its gayest week of the year. A constant interchange of hospitalities began, and on the evening of the King's arrival King Alfonso and his Queen entertained the King and Queen on board the "Giralda."

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

Portraits.

The Duke of Rutland, who passed away on Saturday last in his eighty-seventh year, was one of the most notable figures in the British aristocracy during the reign of Queen Victoria. At an early age he took the position in society that his high descent gave him, and entered Parliament, canvassing Newark with Mr. Gladstone, and bringing loyal

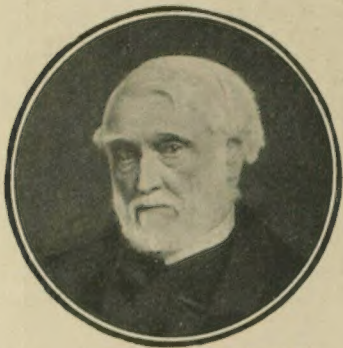


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE DUKE OF RUTLAND,
Colleague of Disraeli.

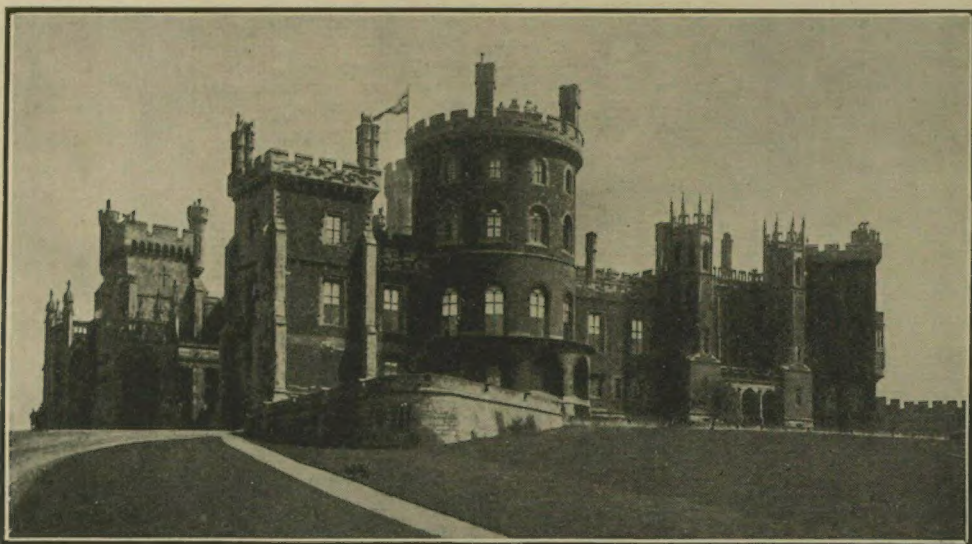
support to Sir Robert Peel. He was a devoted student of the problems of the poor, and favoured a renewal of diplomatic relations with the Court of Rome. He was associated with the passing of the first Factory Act (1847), and then retired from Newark. After being rejected by Liverpool and the City of London, he was returned to Parliament as Member for Colchester (1850). In the Derby Administration he became First Commissioner of Works, and in 1857 he stood for North Leicestershire, and represented that constituency for twenty-eight years. In Mr. Disraeli's second Cabinet he was Postmaster-General, and when Mr. Gladstone went out of office on the Home Rule Bill, Lord Salisbury offered the post of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster to Lord John Manners, and the offer was accepted. In 1888, on the death of his elder brother, Lord John Manners became Duke of Rutland and entered the Upper House, where he declared himself a supporter of Mr. Chamberlain's policy of Tariff Reform. He received the Order of the Garter in 1892, and was High Steward of Cambridge. He is succeeded in his title and estates by the popular Marquess of Granby, who was for some years principal private secretary to the late Marquess of Salisbury.

Sir Sydney Hedley Waterlow, Bart., the eminent philanthropist, died at Trosley Towers, Kent, on Aug. 3. Sir Sydney, who was born in 1822, was the youngest son of Mr. James Waterlow, a law-stationer in Finsbury. He was educated at St. Saviour's Grammar School, and at fourteen was apprenticed to Mr. Thomas

Harrison, the Foreign Office printer, and before he left had the entire management of the Cabinet work. He spent some time in Paris under Galignani, and then returned to enter the business which he made the great concern of Waterlow and Sons. He was Sheriff in 1869, and in 1872 served a brilliant term of office as Lord

Indian Army, from which he retired as Lieutenant. Ordained in 1856, he has been Rector of Newington, Vicar of Kensington, and Bishop of Lichfield.

The result of the election for the Cuckermouth Division of Cumberland brings Sir John Scurrah Randles back to the House of Commons in the Unionist interest. It may be remembered that the incoming member sat for Cuckermouth in 1900, when, as Mr. Randles, he defeated Sir Wilfrid Lawson by the narrow majority of 209. Last week the issue before the electors was complicated by the presence of a



THE RESIDENCE OF THE DUKES OF RUTLAND: BELVOIR CASTLE.

Belvoir is one of the most magnificent structures in the kingdom. The original building was a fortress erected soon after the Conquest by Robert de Todeni, William's standard-bearer. It was several times destroyed and rebuilt. The present pile was restored by Wyatt. In 1814 the Prince Regent visited Belvoir. Crabbe, the poet, lived there as chaplain.

Mayor. His philanthropic works were monumental. He founded the Metropolitan Hospital Sunday Fund, the Improved Industrial Dwellings Company, and presented Highgate with Waterlow Park. He sat in

Lincolnshire nearly fifty years ago, and is an energetic and clever representative of the iron and steel industry, being chairman and managing director of the Moss Bay Iron and Steel Company, of Workington and president of the West Cumberland Ironmasters' Association. He is one of Workington's representatives on the Cumberland County Council, and a member of the Wesleyan Church. He will enter Parliament as a follower of Mr. Balfour.

Labour candidate, who polled 1436 votes, which would doubtless have gone to the Liberal and changed the result of the election. Sir John Randles, who received the honour of Knighthood last year, was born in

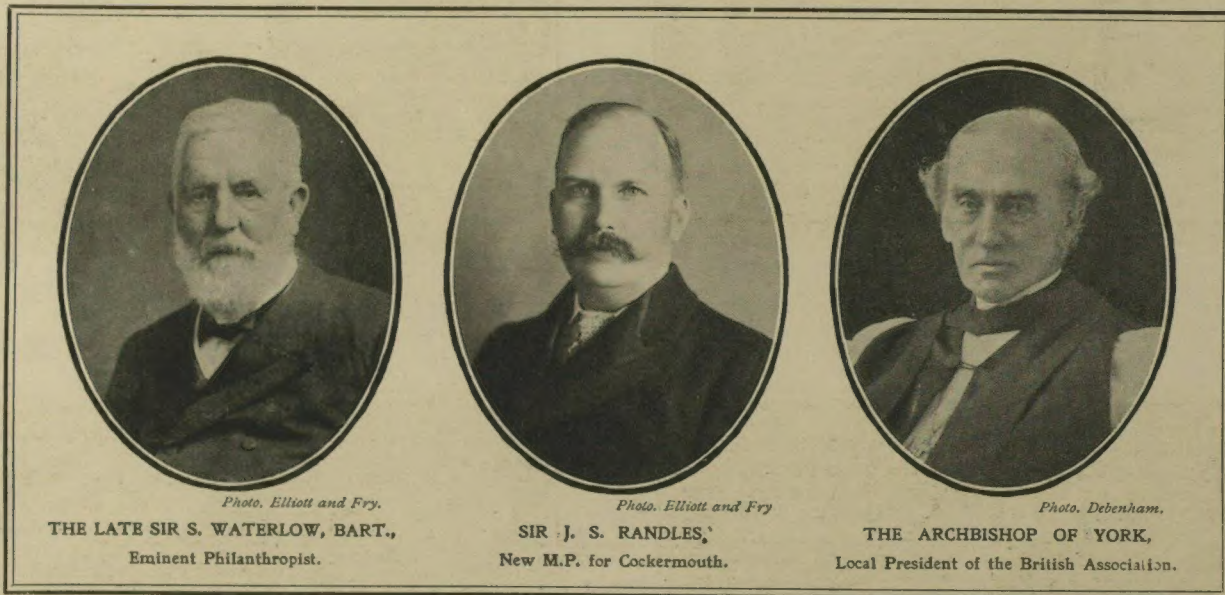


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR S. WATERLOW, BART.,
Eminent Philanthropist.

Photo. Elliott and Fry
SIR J. S. RANGLES,
New M.P. for Cuckermouth.

Photo. Debenham.
THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK,
Local President of the British Association.

Parliament for Maidstone from 1874 to 1880, and for Gravesend from 1880 to 1885.

The Archbishop of York, the Most Reverend William Dalrymple Maclagan, who has, as Local President, been entertaining the British Association at Bishopthorpe, was born in Edinburgh in 1826. He is the fifth son of Dr. David Maclagan, Physician to the Forces during the Peninsular War. Dr. Maclagan is a graduate of Peterhouse, Cambridge, whence he passed into the

unlikely, and the Whitehall authorities instructed him to suspend operations. Everything that can be taken will be removed from the vessel and little more than the hull will be sacrificed, but the total loss to the nation must be very heavy, and in these days of naval retrenchment the country can but ill afford the loss of a first-class line-of-battle ship. The Admiralty has expressed its appreciation of the services of Captain Young, who has been working in charge of the Salvage Corps.



Prof. Ray Lankester, Dr. Maclagan,
President. Archbishop of York.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT YORK: THE ARCHBISHOP'S GARDEN-PARTY AT BISHOPTHORPE.

Photo. Debenham.

NINE-DAYS' WONDERS IN NINE SNAPSHOTS.



A BABY PENGUIN.



THE PENGUIN FAMILY.



A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH: THE PENGUIN SITTING.

THE FIRST BABY PENGUINS BRED IN ENGLAND: THE INFANTS AND THEIR PARENTS AT HOME.

Among the chief attractions now at the Zoological Gardens are the nestling penguins. It is characteristic of the improved interest which is being taken by the officers of the Zoological Society in the animals under their charge at Regent's Park, that it has been possible to rear the young of such an extraordinary bird as a penguin. Some time ago a small flock of about a dozen of the Blackfooted Jackass Penguin ("Spheniscus demercus") was received from the Cape, where the species inhabits the rocky coasts from Damara Land to the Cape, and thence to Natal. About three months ago a pair of these penguins selected a quiet pocket on the top of the seals' rocks in the Gardens, and the hen laid two eggs, which hatched off successfully. Both parents are most assiduous in their attention to the young ones, and the female never leaves them; they resent any interference, and bite viciously if anyone attempts to approach.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

WITH THIS YOU CANNOT DROWN: A NEW CORK JACKET.

This ingenious lifebelt is the invention of M. Samois. It is so contrived that it will keep a shipwrecked person face upwards in the water. He will be kept right side up by this benevolent buoy even although he has lost consciousness.



Photo, Abeniacar.

A DIVING DRESS WITH ARMS: A QUAIN ITALIAN INVENTION.

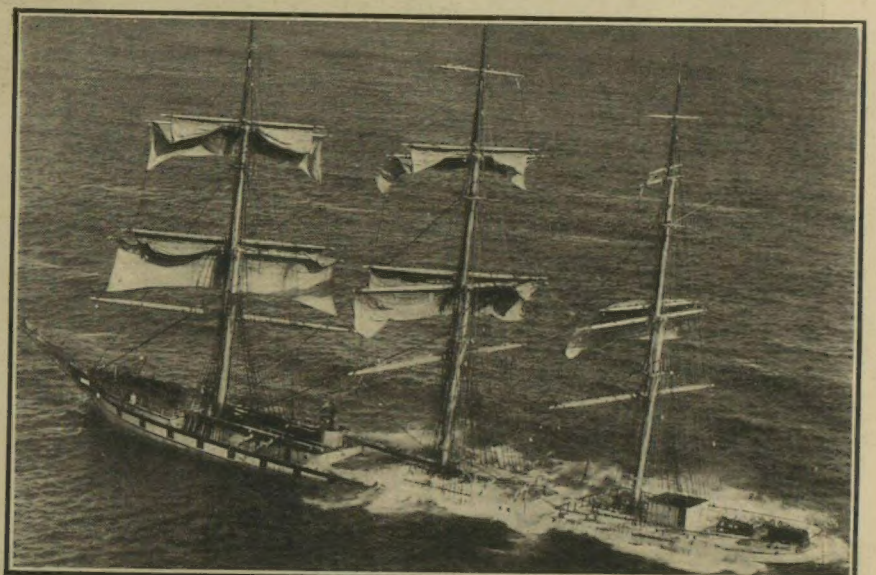
This diving dress is the invention of Signor Restucci, of the Italian Navy. It is fitted with arms, a hand, and a hook and scissors. The diver has also an electric lamp and a telephone. He is seen coming up after an hour's work, at a depth of 150 feet.



Photo, Ormiston Smith.

A MUD AVALANCHE DESTROYS A RAILWAY LINE.

The avalanche took place near Grindelwald. At a point where the line emerges from the trees the rails were completely covered, and just where the planks appear in the photograph the permanent way was entirely destroyed by the rush of mud.



Photo, Gibson.

A CEMENT-SHIP FOR SAN FRANCISCO WRECKED OFF THE LIZARD.

The French ship "Socoz," bound from Stettin to San Francisco with cement for the rebuilding of the city, was wrecked off the Lizard on August 1. The inrush of water rendered the cement perfectly solid. The crew was saved, and landed at Cadgwith.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE REWARD OF WEDDED FELICITY: WINNERS OF THE DUNMOW FLITCH.

The famous Dunmow Flitch was competed for in due form on Bank Holiday. Two couples proved that for a year and a day they had lived in perfect peace. The couple shown are Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd-Willey, of Bow. The other winners were Mr. and Mrs. H. Morgan, of Bristol.



Photo, Halfones, Limited.

A RED INDIAN DEPUTATION TO THE KING.

Three Red Indian chiefs have arrived in London with a petition for his Majesty, whom they will ask to protect their game preserves. The names, reading from left to right, are—Simon Pierre (interpreter), Chief Joe Capelaus, Chief Charley Filpaymont, and Chief Basil.

A PRETTY START FOR THE FIRST RACE AT COWES REGATTA.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON, ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS AT COWES.



"Meteor."

"Cetonia."

"Adela."

"Clara."

THE BIG SCHOONERS RUNNING DOWN BEFORE THE WIND, JUST AFTER THE START.

The competing yachts were the German Emperor's "Meteor," 412 tons; Mr. Cayley's "Adela," 224 tons; Herr Max Guillaume's "Clara," 103'53 tons, and Viscount Iveagh's "Cetonia," 295 tons. The race was a handicap, and the prizes were a cup of the

value of £70, and one of the value of £20, presented by the Commodore and the Rear-Commodore. The "Clara" won, her time being 5 h. 9 min. 31 sec., and the "Meteor" was second, with a time of 4 h. 5 min. 8 sec. The "Adela" finished third.

THE MAKING OF A MAN

BY MAYNE LINDSAY

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

PART II.

HACK, the Gnotuk manager, dismounted stiffly at the homestead, and loosed his horse's girths.

Nature had designed him on ample lines, a big man, meant to be well covered; but a losing fight had long since reduced him to mere skin and muscle, gaunt shadow of himself. He stood at the horse's head for a moment, his shoulders drooping, peering, with red-rimmed, savage eyes, at his surroundings.

There was no softness in the sky; it was an inverted bowl of hard, blazing blue, that threw the heat down upon them, and pinned it there.

They had given up looking for clouds, given up even speaking of changes of weather; they had lived so long without rain that they had lost faith in its advent. Some day, perhaps, in years to come, when they had been driven away, scattered, dried into mummies, there might come a wet season. . . . Not for them. He rubbed his chin with a grimy finger. Grass, of course, had not been visible for years. There was the saltbush, the white-grey stretch of dead herbage, the cracked earth, the shadeless lines of gum-trees, and the wink-wink of the zinc roofs on the station buildings. Given water, the place would have had its own attraction, for there were hills rolled in the middle distance, and the line of a billabong, marked by shrivelling trees, wound behind the offices; but without water, it was a sheer desert, that stretched far beyond his boundaries, beyond the imagination of weary men.

He turned to the dusty verandah, threw his wideawake on to the boards, and stumbled to a steamer-chair, which was a relic of the days when Mrs. Hack, long since sent to board with a sister in Sydney, had shared a more hopeful outlook with him.

"Tea," he said laconically to the black servant, and drank it, strong and milkless, still peering at the quivering horizon.

John Messiter, who had just sneaked out of a baking bedroom and had the guilty sleep still in his eyes, looked silently at the big man. He wanted to be pleasant, to cover his defection; but Hack did not seem in the mood for receiving apologetic advances. Presently the manager looked over his teacup and eyed him.

"Where did you leave Dunlop?" he said.

"In the—in the Warrigal paddock."

"What was he doing?"

"The—usual things," Messiter said, with his nervous hand-wave. "I was helping to pull the stock sheep out of the tank."

"You were? Why did you knock off?"

"The sun," Messiter said, lamely.

Hack rose, lit a pipe, ground the match out carefully with his heel, and picked up his wideawake.

"The sun is warm here, as a rule," he said; and with that his head bobbed under the saddle-flap, reappeared, girths tightened, and he went out into the glare again.

Messiter took the vacated chair. He, too, had lost flesh; he looked flabby, and incongruously tidy in that comfortless situation. He had on a cool pink shirt, quite

clean (it had come three hundred miles by bullock-dray in a case labelled "Urgent,"), and grey flannel trousers, and a cummerbund. Hack, sweaty and sheep-soiled, had left a rank odour behind him. Messiter pulled out a new handkerchief fresh sprinkled with eau-de-Cologne, and dabbled his face with it.

He had not come to this without feeling the spur of desperation. He had put his case to Cicely; he had been humble enough to touch a stonier heart than hers. If he could prove his manhood to her, the man apart from the genius—! He took all the credit for the

life had he so eagerly desired one, went away, artlessly satisfied that absence, abnegation, pomp of sacrifice, not too long extended, were the bait to catch a Cicely. She was much too good to be flattered by the homage of a talent laid at her feet; she was too womanly and tender to see him go out, for her sake, to face obscurity and ugliness and uncongenial labours, without a youthful remorse making havoc of her judgment. It was an extreme measure; but Messiter was possessed by no lukewarm emotion. Cicely's unyielding entity stirred his blood to fever: he was, in the grip of the master passion, hardly accountable for his actions; he was a lethargic man painfully awakened to love as a motive force, and no mere artistic accessory to well-being.

He sailed from Marseilles on a nine months' probation, with a gentle, consolatory little note in his breast-pocket, and far across the Indian Ocean, as the gorgeous sunsets paraded themselves before his eyes, he saw reward growing, with every outward turn of the screw, nearer and more prophetic.

Paget had passed him on to a fellow station-owner, as a volunteer willing and anxious to make an uphill fight of it. The owner passed him up to Hack; and here it was that Johnny's rainbow vision began to clash with reality. Hack, to begin with, wanted no new chum in the land of dearth, and, to follow on, he weighed the imported extra hand in the balance and found him wanting, with a judgment more silent, perhaps, than Clotilde's, but no less sweeping. He saw Messiter, of course, without his art, a plump, unhandy person, who was not only inexperienced, but a faintheart; and before long the rest of the station saw it too. The manager did not waste words, and he was too shrewd to repine over his owner's injudicious consignment. He shrugged his shoulders, and parcelled out the work, and had his own way of treating the man who shirked it. At the end of the first month, John Messiter was still struggling with the pretence of valiant effort; at the end of the second he had given it up, and did as little as he could, and did it badly. The other men's capacity for hard and hideous work appalled him. He had his secret consolation that they were of a tougher breed; but lately, when a lean young overseer

had died in harness, the juices of even this refreshment had failed to comfort him.

He lit a cigarette, and sat pitying himself. He had filled a long, hot morning with spasmodic effort; just and generous people would have allowed him his credit. His sensitive organism had not been builded for Dunlop's task; Dunlop, taciturn and rough-hewn Scotchman, now grilling with back bent over a rescue that, made to-day, might be undone to-morrow. Messiter, was tired, hot, disgusted, cross as the fractious child he so often resembled. He dozed off in the middle of counting the chain of days between him and Cicely.

He woke to the drop of a slip-rail and the clatter of hoofs. The sun was down at last, and the overseers were coming in. He saw the storekeeper, who had



He saw the soul of Cicely arise through the baking earth.

conception, and his violet eyes made effective service. There was a confidence in the resolution, a naive simplicity, that sent it spinning into accomplishment. He had his reward, too, for there is no doubt that poor Cicely, moved by unusual knight-errantry in a prosaic world, was very kind to him before he left. A less egotistical man might have been excused for leaving with budding hopes. To abandon the field to all comers, to adventure to a dry and dreadful wilderness, to work for another man, his fame—this must have been Clotilde's addition to the bargain—hidden in the pathetic hope of sloughing off a positive identity—these resolutions, transmuted into actual performance, had a heroic flavour in them. Johnny Messiter, who had learned something of women, though never before in a complacent

been out since dawn on the track of belated supplies, turn the key in his office door in the square of wooden buildings, and go out to join Ninnes, the angular Victorian jackaroo. They stood looking into the woolshed for an instant, specks against its oblong front, considering a handful of fleeces stripped that day off sheep too far gone to be hustled back to life, and then they returned across the yards and appeared below the verandah. Messiter wriggled uneasily in his chair.

Ninnes was young enough to enjoy baiting the stranger in a strange land, but the game had lost some of its attractions since Emmet, his room-mate and chum, had died. He slouched to the step, and he too ordered tea, and let it gurgle down his throat. Redmayne, the storekeeper, asked for the station news. Dunlop and Savory, Hack's lieutenants, gave it him in brief, dry sentences. They were sprawling on the wooden floor by this time, men too spent for luxurious resting. Nobody spoke loud, or with a vigorous inflection: the great girdle of desolation that encompassed them, the endless, empty, defiant champaign, seemed to throw an echo of its monotony into their voices. Above all, nobody spoke to Messiter.

"And how did *your* team work after dinner, Sandy?" queried Redmayne, addressing the Scotchman.

Dunlop turned a little on his side. He had been studying an elderly boot, raised knee over, against the sky.

"There wasn't any team. Yon slipped away after smoke-oh, and gave it best," he said. "I fetched out fifty, though, and I cut the throats of a gey few and stripped two-three of them. I'm thinking I'll not go out with Mr. Messiter the morn. I'll take young Ninnes, just."

The artist reddened, paled, and reddened again. No one made any comment upon this dispassionate utterance except Ninnes, who, putting his cup down with a jingle, nodded a wordless approval.

"I think I must—er—tell you I felt the heat rather badly, Dunlop," Messiter said. "I'm sorry I had to leave you."

Ninnes peered at him with a flicker of alertness.

"Felt it last week, too, didn't you?" he drawled, twanging the question through his nose.

"I did," Messiter said eagerly. "You see, the truth is"—he felt his heroic concealment evaporating, and he made a last effort at jauntiness—"this isn't my line of country."

"No? You surprise me. Snakes, you do surprise me!" Ninnes said. "Tell *you* something, too—it isn't mine, either. I'd rather be on Manly Beach with a girl I know, any day."

This time the irony was unmistakable. Savory, his eyes wandering after a lizard on the roof-beams, emitted a chuckle.

"Same here," he murmured.

Messiter's reserve took to its wings. He had hinted at hidden superiorities a dozen times, and nobody had attempted to probe his meaning; he could contain himself, in the face of flippancy, no longer. He forgot the fine tableau of the great man in obscurity—forgot even the genuine desire towards better things that lay behind the theatrical surface of his masquerading; he twitched at the neck of his shirt and rolled his fine eyes round the company.

"I'm a painter," he said. "I came here to get some idea of a life very, very different to my own. I dare say you've heard of me. I'm pretty well known, you know. People think a lot of my work."

It sounded banal, and its effect was disappointing. Redmayne, only, cocked an eye at him.

"Then, by gum, you're the man for me!" he said. "I've been crying out for a whitewasher for a month, and Hack wouldn't spare me one. Now, as Dunlop don't want you, I'll be glad of your professional assistance."

Dunlop had sat up, and his square jaw looked uncompromising.

"I would like to know, Mr. Messiter, what business ye have so far away from ye're legitimate sphere?" he said. "Ye may be a good painter-body, but ye're an awful bad hand on a droughty station. Hadn't ye better get back to your bit daubing?"

"Daubing? My God! I'm John Messiter. Doesn't that tell you anything?"

It was the first time in his life that the announcement had failed in its purpose. He stood up, his mortified vanity swelling rapidly.

"Na; I'm thinking we're not particularly interested in your identity," Dunlop said, with slow precision. "Ye're no a pillar of strength among us here, and for myself, I'm a wee thing tired of the sight of ye. Get ye away to your *work*, Mr. Painter, or if your private reasons keep ye on the back-blocks, just do Mr. Redmayne's job and show your abeilities."

"Perhaps you mean you're an artist?" Savory said. "You do? Oh, that's a different matter—not that names could count for much 'way back here. He paints pictures, Sandy. They do give themselves airs; but I understood they wore their hair long, didn't you? And what kind o' pictures, Mr. Messiter, now?"

Messiter flung a broad back to them.

"You're a set of ignorant swine!" he fulminated.

"That's so." It was Ninnes again. "We don't know, do we, Sandy? Myself, I'd rather be a good bushman than an artist out o' work—wouldn't you, Sandy? Ah, and *now* his dander's riz!"

Messiter stumbled past them to the little wooden bedroom and flung the door to with a bang. He was choking: he was really not very far from tears. It was the culmination of weeks of offhand treatment, and his great disclosure had done rather less than nothing to remove it. He was far too self-important to have a shred of humour; and the baiting had tattered his dignity. He sat down on the edge of the bed and clenched his hands, and unclenched them, and cursed the soulless brutes whom he could hear drily chuckling—at him—through the boards. He was parched beyond endurance for approval; unpopularity, and worse than that, contempt, were injustices too gross and wounding to be endured longer. He thought it over and over,

until the supper-bell rang, and the men scuffled away, and his mind was made up.

He took a satchel from a nail and stuffed a few things into it. It was forty miles to the stage: please Heaven, he would catch it next morning, and get the evening train down country. Already his brain was evolving a specious story to entrust to the next mail for Cicely. He was going to Sydney—there were civilised people in Sydney, and women—especially women. Feminine adulation, honeyed and delicate, was absolutely, at the moment, a vital necessity for the tonic restoration of poor Messiter.

He jogged out of the yard a little later, just as Hack came in. He had left a note, in spite of the vulgar unoriginality of the method, lying on the box that had been his dressing-table. He avoided the manager's eye, and Hack, after a brief stare at the sight of unusual energy, returned to the problems of the station. Johnny had filled his canteen and looked at his compass, proud of so much bush knowledge, before he left. He turned out to the dray track, to the southward trail, and shook the dust of Philistine Gnotuk from his feet.

A lukewarm breeze of evening came up presently to refresh him, and some of his helpless rage dissolved at its caress. He was an indifferent and a timid rider, and the first preoccupation with a hard-mouthed mount helped, too, to mitigate the inner tumult. By the time he had settled down to the long night ride he had managed to adjust his focus with a degree of satisfaction. He was not running away, flying before the very trials he had set out, in ostentatious determination, to face; he was faring forth into the wilderness, a lonely traveller, to search for a shrine of art in this detestable country. He had been mad to suppose that it was possible he could live among boors: it was a desecration of his fine uses, wilful obstruction of a light meant to be set upon a hill and seen of all men. Ninnes—Dunlop—the savage Hack! He could hardly believe he had endured them so long. . . . By-and-by, when they knew, they would be sorry. The child was never more paramount in Messiter. Some day he would edit the story for his connoisseur friends, his artistic disciples—"once when I was up in the Australian bush and a fellow offered me whitewashing—"

He would be able to make a joke of it. He put Dunlop's caustic humour away at the back of his mind. It was too fresh, had been aimed too aptly, to wipe clean out of memory; but he did his best to obscure it. Every now and then he blushed, wincing at his recollection of the men's contemptuous laughter; then, with a mental tug, he wrenched himself to the sight of his pedestal, and his cheeks resumed their normal colour.

The night enveloped him, and a round moon, brilliant enough to read by, illuminated the track, and he felt less nervous at the possibility of losing his way. The horse's hoofs clicked on the hard ground; the illimitable, ghostly landscape kept its counsel as the hours jogged by. The Southern Cross lolled overhead. It stood, he knew, over Winthorpe and the blessed railway lines. He drew rein and rested his steed, ate something, took a pull at his water-bottle, making a wry face at the insipid drink, and mounted again quite hopefully. He had come a long way and the night was half through; Gnotuk was already a passing phase.

He set up the incomparable attractions of Cicely to charm the night—or rather, he took them from their stronghold deep in his heart and reviewed them. They *must* be his, because he desired them so ardently; she had been kind: she would be kinder still. He would tell her the tale of his melancholy ride through a stricken area, weird and wistfully empty, the gaunt skeleton of a pastoral land; he would—he would paint it for her, and she should see him utterly alone, the eager lover, devouring the moonlit miles to the sea between them. Sydney? No; he was not going to pause in Sydney. He was going home to tell her that he had made sufficient probation: to see her waver—smile—surrender her sweet defences.

The horse shied. Messiter, rapt in ecstatic meditation, had been sitting loosely in the saddle. He clutched, reeled, lost his balance. He fell clear; but the horse, with a snort and an untimely levity, was away before the plump painter had found his feet again.

For a second he hardly understood the extent of the calamity. The brute had shied—gruesome circumstance!—at a bleached skeleton. Then he began to run, and he ran as he had never run before, chasing a diminishing speck, with the blood pumping furiously through his body, and a terrible fear grown, like a geni, mountain high upon the instant, covering him. He did not know how far he ran, but it must have been for miles; in the end he pitched, exhausted, on to his face, and found himself scraping at the earth with his fingers, and crying, whimpering, sobbing for somebody to come to help him.

He lay there, under the moon, for some time before he sat up and wiped his eyes and looked at the sloping Cross. He had got to *walk* to the stage, and he was nearly half-way there, he guessed. Somehow it never occurred to him to go back. The canteen had been strapped on the saddle. If he could get over five-and-twenty miles before the sun was hot . . . The moon was sliding to its bed; he read his watch by it, and found it was two o'clock. Four miles an hour—four fives were twenty—twenty miles by seven o'clock. Oh, the case was not so desperate; it was bad enough, but the thing was feasible. Yet, all the same, the local tales of how men perished in a few hours in the desolate bush from fatigue and thirst clung to his mind. His knees trembled as he walked, and with a hideous premonition, he recognised that his mouth was already dry. He had been spending his breath in cursing the equine cause of his misfortunes, but this discovery struck him dumb.

He faced the Cross and strode on, trotting sometimes, stumbling over sand and hummocks, blundering off the trail over and over again, and coming back to it in a sweaty anguish. His physical miseries held him in a vice. By dawn it was not only certain that he was thirsty, but that the agony of his parched throat was reacting upon his muscles. The sun had not even begun to smite him, yet he was rapidly approaching the limit of his powers. The very thought drove him into a spurt of exertion, and he ran again until he fell,

He cut his fine hand upon a stone as he met the ground, and it bled. He clapped the wound to his mouth and sucked it.

The sun rose, sight for artistic raptures, but the solitary figure did not turn its head to see it. Messiter was drunk with fatigue; he staggered; he wasted precious footsteps on a zigzag course; he had walked something less than ten miles over a cruel ground, and his extreme fears had helped to exhaust him. Thirst dominated all other sensations, however—the insupportable craving for water. And he had only been an hour or two without it! His apprehensions may have quickened the need, but it was real enough.

By-and-by the sun was up. It found him progressing stubbornly, with a face of anguish set upon the direction of his goal. He was not going to waste further effort on spasmodic advances; nothing but a steady persistent trudge could save him now. He had heard that men became light-headed very soon in such a case as his, and he marshalled his wits, and constrained them.

He wished, of course, that he were back at Gnotuk—vain wish, vain as his attempt to forget his swelling tongue, his cracked lips. The rays beat at him. . . . Half-past seven. Oh, temperate England, where never sun-fiend raged so furiously! He began to laugh at the idea; and then it struck him as an ill omen that he could laugh in the depths of torment, and he was abject again, and gave a sob of self-pity. Specks danced in front of him, and at every step he stumbled.

By now, though mere mechanical life continued to fight and his brain went on working feverishly, he was quite sure that he was doomed not to come alive out of the battle. The forces of Nature stood linked against him. The solemnity of the conviction struck home at John Messiter, probing sheer through his affliction. He felt a sudden swirl of exaltation. He had thought Death would be a more terrifying foe at close quarters. To be so near dying, and to be so little afraid of it! There was an attitude to be proud of there, to remember, if memory survived. A mist swam before him, and for the moment he thought it was the end. But it was not: it cleared away, and the sun-drenched desert lay still about him, and the trail went on. Then something hung heavy on his hand, and looking down as he tried to free himself, he saw that his own soul had left his body prematurely, and was struggling down the road beside him.

It was quite plain to the outward eye, and he rubbed his violet orbs with the loose hand, and stared askance at it. There was nothing strange in its sudden appearance. Where should a soul be, if not in the live body's company? It was curious that it should be visible though: quite a unique occurrence: he could, in other case, have plumed himself on that.

It was a mean, stunted, wretched little object, rather like a deformed child, and it had crooked a wizened finger among his beautiful slender ones, and was limping step for step with him. He was not astonished to see it; but he was revolted by its ugliness. It was brown and dirty—horribly dirty and misshapen. Messiter shuddered to realise that he had been carrying it all his life, unsuspecting, in his fastidious bosom. If he had so much as guessed—! The creature could not have been washed for years. Certainly, there was no water for it here; he wanted water—a glass, a gallon—to slake his thirst. . . . He would not be able to spare one single drop, if a miracle should grant him a lakeful.

He tried to draw his hand away, but the grip tightened. So he had *that* to drag as well as his unhappy body! Anger began to push through his repulsion.

Presently, as he marched on, horribly and guiltily embarrassed by his associate, he saw—and this he understood at once was only a heavenly vision, such as comes to dying men—the soul of Cicely arise through the baking earth, freed from the tender flesh he loved so well. It floated past the struggling couple, light as thistledown, an ethereal, exquisite thing; no child-dwarf, but a woman grown, and nebulous with dawning promise. He made a frantic effort to tear himself loose from the abortion at his side, and pursue it. At least his painter's brain, his fingers, the physical man of him, were fit to offer to her! He could see that he had to shake off the little hideous soul; but if he could but give it the slip, it might be that the Power who decides these high and holy mysteries would deem him fit to mate with Cicely.

He found voice again, and cursed his incubus. It held him all the closer. He began to run round and round in circles, to swing it clear from him. Nothing mattered now but that. The perspiration poured down him; he forgot his utter weariness, forgot everything but the vile touch of its fingers, the steady drag against his straining arm. And, in the meantime, as he saw while he wrestled through the stony scrub, the spirit overhead floated away, over the tussocks, out towards the free air—serene, still, and more than ever inaccessible.

Somewhere about nine o'clock Hack and Savory came upon him. The riderless horse had come in, and they were people not slow to jump at correct conclusions. They found John Messiter sitting at the foot of a dead tree, rocking himself to and fro, and nursing one hand, which seemed to have been badly bruised, with the other. He nodded quite sanely as they tumbled out of saddles, overjoyed that their race against death had not been made in vain.

"I've settled the little beast at last, I think," he said, as well as his swollen lips would let him, and with an incongruous cheerfulness radiating out of his forlorn condition. "I had to take him in again; but I scraped him down thoroughly in the sand before I'd do it." He tried to smile. "She's out of my reach for ever—never again will I aspire even to touch the hem of her garment—but I've learnt the truth about myself; and you'll see, you fellows, if I don't put that to some practical purpose. No, I'll never forget her. Do you suppose I *could*? You don't lose your memory when you are born again, I can tell you. I'll want her always, as much as I want a drink now. Damme, that's water! Give it here to me!"

He sprang at Savory, fighting for the precious bottle. He was alive, and there was a man full grown in him.

THE END.

SCHOOLBOY SOLDIERS AND THE MOTORS OF THE MAIN.



READY TO ADVANCE.



FELTHAM PEPPERING THE ENEMY.



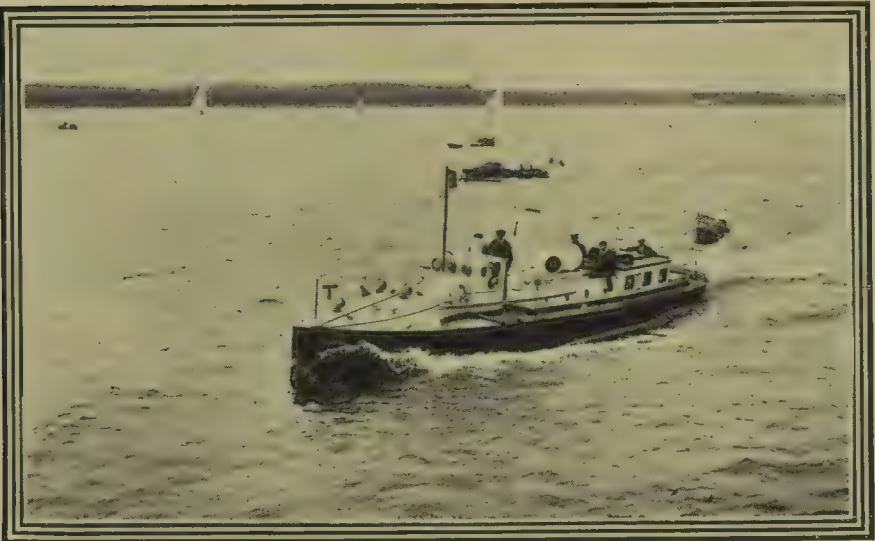
TRUDGING CAMPWARD.



OFF DUTY: A REST BY THE BROOK.

SCHOOLBOY SOLDIERS: THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS BRIGADE FIELD-DAY AT FARNBOROUGH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KNIGHT.



"FIREFLY": ONE STOP IN FIRST DAY'S TEN HOURS' RUN.



"NAPIER MAJOR": NON-STOP IN FIRST DAY'S TEN HOURS' RUN.



"PENGUIN": NON-STOP IN FIRST DAY'S TEN HOURS' RUN.



"GAZEKA": NON-STOP IN FIRST DAY'S TEN HOURS' RUN.

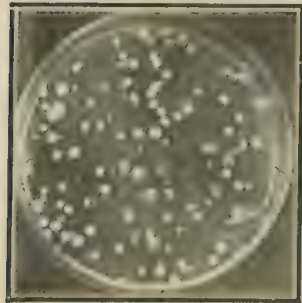
MOTORS OF THE MAIN: FINE PERFORMERS IN THE MOTOR-BOAT RELIABILITY TRIALS ON SOUTHAMPTON WATER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS.

The trials began on August 1. Of the twenty-two boats competing nearly all came out of the first day's run with an absolutely clean record. Fourteen achieved the non-stop run. The second day's performances went still further to prove the great improvements in motor-vessels since last year.

UNELECTED PARLIAMENTARIANS: MICROBES IN THE COMMONS.

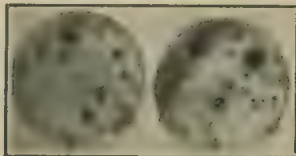
AS SHOWN IN THE RECENT OFFICIAL REPORT ON THE HOUSE OF COMMONS VENTILATION.



FROM MEMBERS' BOOTS
BEHIND CHAIR.



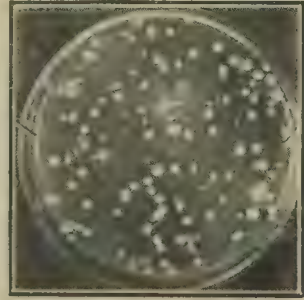
FROM SPEAKER'S GALLERY.



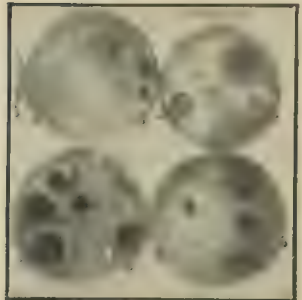
FROM PRESS GALLERY.



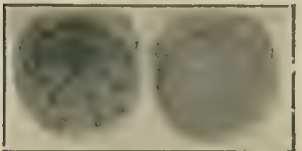
FROM LADIES' GALLERY.



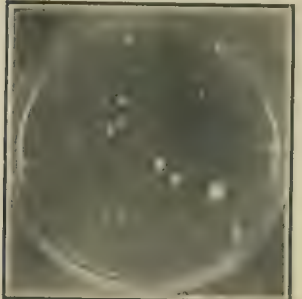
FROM MEMBERS' BOOTS
BEHIND CHAIR.



B. PRODIGIOSUS, GOVERNMENT
SEATS ABOVE GANGWAY.



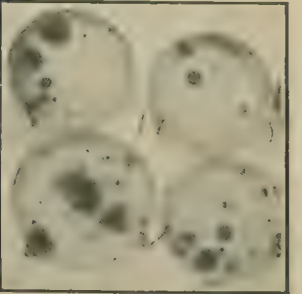
B. PRODIGIOSUS, MINISTERIAL
BOX AND TABLE BELOW MACE.



FROM MEMBERS' BOOTS,
CENTRE OF FLOOR.



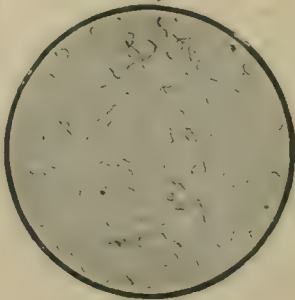
MICROBES FROM GOVERNMENT
BENCHES BELOW GANGWAY.



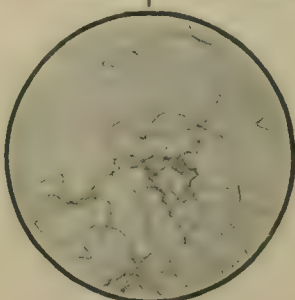
MICROBES FROM PEERS' GALLERY.



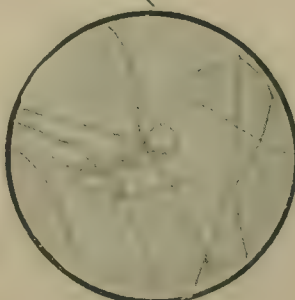
"PARTICULATE MATTER" FROM
MEMBERS' BOOTS BELOW BAR.



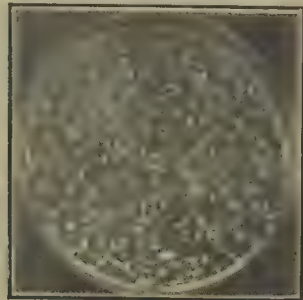
STREPTOCOCCUS BREVIS.



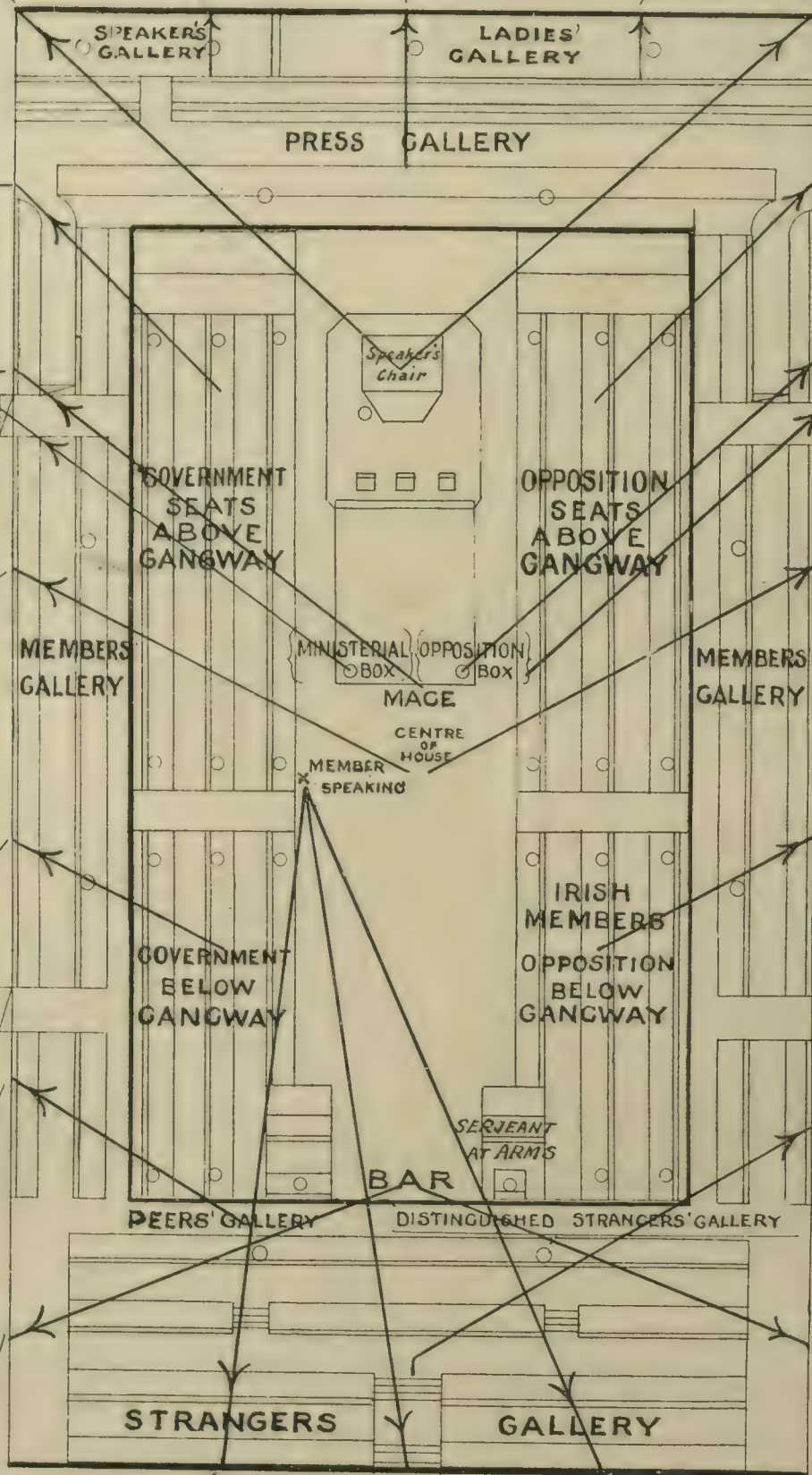
STREPTOCOCCUS MEDIUS.



STREPTOCOCCUS LONGUS.



BRANCHING COLONY; B. MYCOIDES
FROM MEMBERS' ROOTS.



OUR LEGISLATORS
LONGI, MEDII,

TALK STREPTOCOCCI
AND BREVES.

"SALIVARY STREPTOCOCCI FROM AIR PASSING OUT OF CHAMBER DURING DEBATES."

The examination of the air of the House of Commons has revealed the presence of a very considerable germ-population, the presence of which may be apt to cause inquietude in the minds of legislators. But they may rest assured that the "Bacillus prodigiosus" is not a deadly foe to mankind, and it is not probable that the other microbes mentioned (of the Streptococci order) can be regarded as of malignant nature, though certain of the members of the latter family circle are included within the ranks of mischief-makers. The streptococci are said to be diffused in the saliva of members of the House, so that they presumably are of internal and personal origin. Bacteriological science should be equal in conjunction with sanitary skill to reducing the germ-population of Parliament to a minimum, and there are other directions in which the science of microbes might be enlisted if only its powers were increased. A prolix speaker might be inoculated with some germ culture which would have the effect of curtailing his observations. A torrential orator might be dosed with another culture by way of slowing down his rhapsodies. There might even be a serum prepared, the use of which would prevent unparliamentary "alarums and excursions," and banish or modify rancour and all uncharitableness.

NOTES AND NEWS WITH CAMERA AND PEN.



THE OLD POWER SAVES THE NEW: A HORSE TO THE RESCUE.



DIGGING OUT THE TIDE-CAUGHT MOTOR FROM THE SAND.

A MOTOR IN THE SURF: THE STRANGE ADVENTURE OF A FAIR AMERICAN MOTORIST.

During the Automobile Races at Long Beach, New York, the racers were driven to shelter by a sudden thunderstorm. Miss Potter's car was overwhelmed by the tide and had to be dragged to safety by a horse. Miss Potter is the daughter of the famous Bishop of New York.



THE FREE AND EASY GOODWOOD: THE KING AND THE DUKE OF RICHMOND'S HOUSE PARTY.

Goodwood of 1906 will be remembered for the King's sensible request that the top hat and frock coat should be discarded for comfortable dress. His Majesty wore a white "bowler" and a lounge suit. The world, of course, followed suit. The names from left to right are (back row): Sir A. Davidson, the Hon. J. Ward, Lady Anne Lambton, General Kelly-Kenny, Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Lord Ilchester, the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Durham, the Marquis de Soveral, Mr. L. Brassey, General Oliphant, Mr. A. Courtney. Second row (beginning at the Prince's left) are: Count Benckendorff (Russian Ambassador), Lord Berkeley Paget, Sir J. Cotterell, Sir C. Cust, Lady Falmouth, Mr. Guy Neville. In the next row: The Hon. Mrs. George Keppel, Lady Muriel Beckwith, Lady Evelyn Cotterell, Countess Benckendorff, H.M. the King, Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox, Lady Ilchester, the Marchioness of Londonderry, and the Countess Cadogan. In the front row: Lord Lovat, Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox, Lord Cardross, and Mr. W. Beckwith.



Photo. "Leslie's Weekly."

BABIES' SIESTA IN A CUBAN ORPHANAGE.

The scene is in the Beneficia Orphanage, Havana. The infants take their daily siesta on a soft mat in the cool corridor of the home. Some of them would look up to watch the photographer.

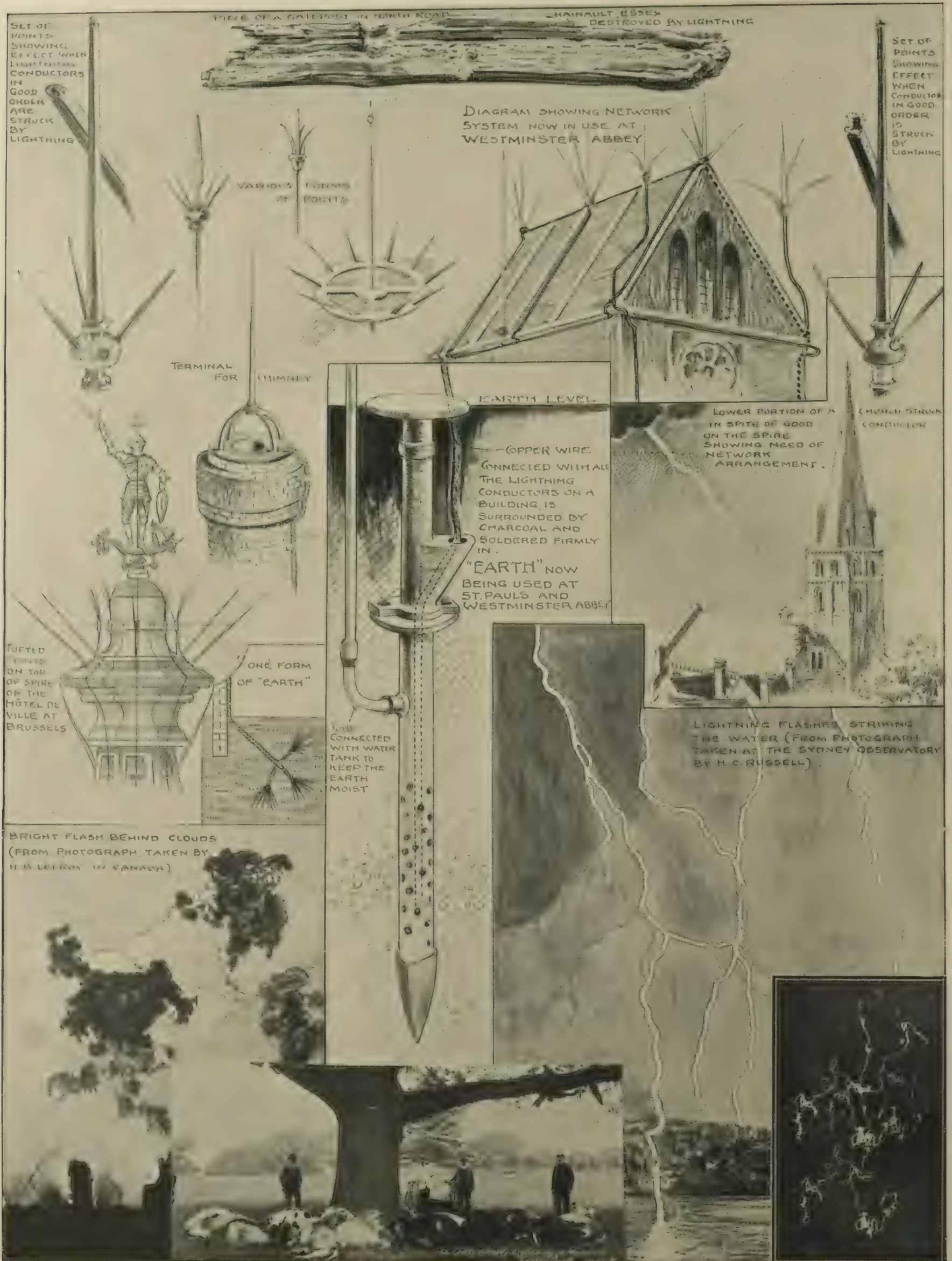


THE SCENE OF ANOTHER GREAT HOUSE PARTY: CASTLE ASHBY.

Lord Compton, Lord Northampton's eldest son, came of age on August 6. A great house party was held in his honour. About one hundred "overflow" guests were housed in luxurious, electric-lighted tents erected in the grounds.

FREAKS OF LIGHTNING AND PRECAUTIONS AGAINST THEM.

DRAWINGS BY A. HUGH FISHER: PHOTOGRAPH BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



LIGHTNING AND THE LIGHTNING-ROD: DEVELOPMENTS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S INVENTION.

Benjamin Franklin, as everybody knows, invented the lightning-rod in 1746. The idea was suggested to him by his famous experiment with a kite flown during a thunderstorm. The kite had a metal point, and across the string near the ground was tied a key. The string, damped by the thundershower, became a good conductor, and as the thundercloud approached, Franklin presented his knuckle to the key and received a strong spark. From this experiment he learned that a pointed rod attached to buildings would collect atmospheric electricity and gradually discharge it into the earth, thus averting a sudden and disastrous stroke. It is popularly supposed that the lightning-conductor carries off the electricity if the building be struck, but that is not its function. It collects the electricity, and by gradual discharge lessens the electric tension around the spire, chimney, or roof, and so prevents a great discharge from the cloud to any of these points. The photograph in the right-hand bottom corner was taken during the great storm which passed over London on August 2. Its genuineness is vouched for by the photographers. Note the exact repetition of the convolutions, which, when the photograph is held sideways, show the outline of a grotesque face.

HOLIDAY SCHOOLS AND NATURE-STUDY IN THE DAY SCHOOL.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY THE REV. A. T. HUMPHREYS, CROMFORD, AND BY HAMILTON AND CO.



THE TESTIMONY OF THE ROCKS: A LESSON IN MINERALOGY.



THE DELIGHTS OF THE SANDPIT TO RELIEVE SEVERER STUDIES.



FIELD GEOLOGY: COLLECTING SPECIMENS.



RECOMMENDED BY THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION: PRACTICAL DOLL-DRESSING.



PRACTICAL GEOGRAPHY WITH THE SAND-TRAY: MAKING A VOLCANO.

The two larger circles and the sandpit refer to the Passmore Edwards Holiday School, the others to the classes at Cromford.



LITTLE GARDENERS: A CLASS FOR WINTER TRENCHING.



DETECTING THE GARDENER'S FOES: A SEARCH FOR ROSE-GRUBS.

Our photographs show the work of the Vacation School opened by Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P., in connection with the Passmore Edwards Settlement, in Tavistock Square, and the nature-study carried on in the ordinary course at the Church School at Cromford, Matlock. The object of the Vacation School is to employ children who cannot go to the country. At Matlock the nature-study and gardening classes are designed to promote interest in outdoor pursuits and elementary science. The Cromford School was one of two chosen to send examples of nature-study work to the recent Agricultural Show at Derby. This month the children have an exhibition of their own. The head master is Mr. H. Daniel. The Passmore Edwards Vacation School has now been copied by many London districts. The scheme was first started in 1902. Practical doll-dressing and the care of the doll have been advocated by Sir Lauder Brunton before the British Association.

BACK TO THE MOORS: THE QUARRY OF THE TWELFTH.

DRAWN BY G. E. LODGE.



BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

The birds are threatened by two enemies. On the one hand is a wild peregrine falcon, on whom the grouse have their eyes fixed; on the other is a Gordon setter, coming up in advance of the guns. On another page we discuss the prospects for the Twelfth.

THE COMING OF THE MOTOR-'BUS.—No. III.: ANOTHER 1833 DESIGN.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Aug. 11, 1906.—201

THE MOTOR-'BUS SEVENTY-THREE YEARS AGO: HANCOCK'S STEAM-COACH, THE "ERA," ARRIVING AT GREENWICH.

Hancock's steam-coach, which plied between London and Greenwich, resembled two stage-coaches on end, with a third compartment like a mail or luggage van. It was mentioned in the Parliamentary Report of 1833 as a machine in daily use on common roads.

The Report continues, "Mr. Hancock reckons that with his carriage he could keep up a speed of ten miles per hour, without injury to the machine."



MOTOR DUST: A PLEA FOR ROAD-IMPROVEMENT.

FROM THE PAINTING BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.

Last week we proved photographically the need for amending the surface of our roads and the possibility of obviating the motor-dust trouble by an improved surface. Our Artist has depicted a scene that is of everyday occurrence on country roads during the passage of a motor-car.

THE REVIEWER'S NOTE-BOOK.

AGAIN David, the emotional novelist, hurrying to sling his pebble at a Goliath upon whom the hosts of authority gaze from a respectful distance! The keynote of "Coniston" (Macmillan) is to be discovered in the epilogue. "Self-examination is necessary for the moral health of nations . . . and it is the most hopeful of signs that in the United States we are to-day going through a period of self-examination." Without this commentary, the very strength of "Coniston," which is incomparably the best of Mr. Winston Churchill's novels; would make it intolerable reading. It is a political romance, steeped in that vibrant sentimentality which stands to the rest of the world as one of the most astounding by-products of a self-confident democracy, and upon which, with, we think, an unnecessary mistrust of his higher abilities, Mr. Churchill evidently relies for a big success. The love-story of Cynthia Wetherell and Bob Worthington is magnetic, and Jethro Bass's conversion to political righteousness by the innocent instrumentality of his adopted daughter informs a moving chapter; but the paramount interest lies in the fight for supremacy between Isaac D. Worthington and Bass, and the havoc they make of the electoral conscience. There are Jethro's lieutenants, the men with little leather bags, who debauch the rural voter; there is the trickery by which, the Speaker being "in the know," a weighty measure is rushed and gabbled through the necessary readings into law; there are all the depressing details which embellish this picture of a free community acquiescing, with a naïve admiration for Mr. Bass's Napoleonic conquests, in its own corruption. We note that the incident of General Grant and the old soldier is only one among many jobs, and so illuminates Mr. Churchill's moral; although we fancy the author penned it in all sincerity. If "Coniston" is read as widely as "The Crisis," it may help to induce that simultaneous determination by which a great people achieves its liberty.

The people in "Man and Maid" (Fisher Unwin), which is a collection of short stories by E. Nesbit, do many things that will severely tax the reader's credulity; but they are so comfortably at home in the middle of improbabilities, and their author has such a plausible way with her, that we think no one will complain too loudly of ill-treatment. For example, the chances must have been one in a million that Lawrence Sefton and his rival heir, Selwyn Sefton—who was really an heiress, and a pretty one, and in the end, of course, the only possible wife for Lawrence—should have hit upon the same highly impracticable scheme for scaring each other off the coveted manor; but that does not prevent their story from being not only charming, but thrilling. And "The Old Wife," who was a young wife disguised with a white wig and the beautiful manners of a passing, courtly generation, while she is about as impossible as even the heroine of a short story can be, is a delightful person, and we find ourselves following her romantic fortune with a whole-hearted interest. Now and then, when Mrs. Nesbit is thus befooling us, all for our own good and because she knows how much we enjoy her stories, we catch a glimpse of her more serious powers. We are not sure that we want her to exercise them; because there are not many people who can write light fiction, as she does, with the touch that makes it worth reading; but a page or two in "The Power of Darkness" and "The House of Silence" set one thinking.

There have been one or two determined attempts to revive the autobiographic novel as Dickens modelled it—hazardous attempts, because the cunning of the master went down to the grave with him, and his mannerisms are dangerous tools for lesser men. Mr. William de Morgan begins "Joseph Vance" (Heinemann) as a respectful disciple might be expected to begin it, with a scene in low life, humorously described by his hero from the point of view of an eight-year-old—a pot-house quarrel, in which Joe's father comes off second-best, and Joe revenges him, by a piece of broken glass well aimed from behind a fence, upon his successful adversary, the sweep. All this, and the subsequent rise of Joe, who is befriended by a local family and sent to school on account of his youthful promise, is told with familiar detail, and, it must be added, it hits its mark. Joe's childhood, his lifelong and faithful adoration of "Miss Lossie," the mid-Victorian flavour of Mr. Thorpe's suburban household, are all worked out very scrupulously and with that simplicity which is so much harder to cultivate than elaboration. Unhappily, the old-fashioned unworldliness of Joseph Vance and the good and learned Doctor has communicated itself to Mr. de Morgan; for a more sophisticated author must have perceived that novels expending to over five hundred closely printed pages will run a risk of being neglected for something brisker and briefer. It is such a far cry from Joe's hopeful beginning to his act of culminating self-sacrifice that we must own to feeling a little weary when we arrived at it—which is the reason, perhaps, that the conclusion seemed poor stuff compared with the beginning.

"Over the stage of those gracious and radiant gospel scenes swiftly fell a fireproof curtain, wrought of systematic theology and formal metaphysics, which even the divine flames of that wonderful Personality were unable to melt." Such words, written long before "Il Santo," of which "Le Saint" (Hachette et Cie) is an eloquent French translation, strike a keynote to Signor Fogazzaro's theme. "Saint Père l'Eglise est malade," begins the Saint, face to face with Pope Pius X. Men's conception of God is growing, let the Church desist stunting this growth; and her Princes shall add the vow of poverty to that of chastity; and her bishops must be elected of the people; and, above all, her Pope is to mix, Christlike, with his children in deeds of ministry. "Vicaire du Christ, je vous adjure de faire encore une autre chose. Si une femme a pu adjurer un Pope de venir à Rome, j'adjure, moi, Votre Sainteté de sortir du Vatican. Sortez, Saint Père; mais, la première fois, au moins la première fois,

sortez pour une œuvre de Votre ministère! Lazare souffre et meurt chaque jour: allez visiter Lazare!" This is the substance of a conference with the Pope; how the Saint found his Holiness through a labyrinth of Vatican galleries, without light or guide, makes the one romantic episode of an earnest book. The love of the six-shilling novel is attenuated to a skeleton, and makes a grim appearance at rare intervals. The Saint is in love with Catholicism; and he passionately desires that she shall wear modern dress, break the doors of her prison-palace, adapt herself to men's minds, sit at their tables. It is a hard question, not settled by Signor Fogazzaro, whether democracy, men's minds, are to be trusted so far, and when the appeal is carried to History she proves a treacherous jade, answering each man differently. Meanwhile, "Il Santo" is placed on the Index, and Lazarus remains unvisited by the Pope.

It is right that the life of Pater should be written by a Don, and it is amusing, in a way, that it should be written by a Cambridge man. One imagined that the present Provost of Oriel, or Mr. Bussell, would have been more at home with this particular theme than Mr. A. C. Benson; but his "Walter Pater" (Macmillan) is as appreciative as any admirer could desire, and there are obvious advantages in entrusting a critical study to an admirer who did not happen to be a personal friend. But is Pater quite in place among the "English Men of Letters"? His appeal is to a comparatively small circle. If anyone is brutal enough to say that Pater is a prig, and unreadable, the only possible answer is that the objector is a Philistine. It is impossible to argue him down or to convince him. Most of the other names in this well-known series "abide our question," but there is no blinking the fact that an admiration for Pater is a matter of temperament. His output was small; his style, exquisite in its way, provokes a certain impatience. Such



THE AMERICAN WINSTON CHURCHILL:
THE AUTHOR OF "CONISTON."

Portrait lent by the courtesy of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

infinite pains to say what he wished to say—and yet was it always worth the saying? Subtlety of appreciation he had, yet he can hardly count as a great critic. He could write a wonderful description of a scene or a mood, yet his romance of Rome in the silver age and his "Imaginary Portraits" hardly place him among great novelists. An enthusiast for beauty who was apparently incapable of depicting or understanding passion presents a strange literary problem. Again, Pater can claim no high place either as scholar or philosopher, though we agree with Mr. Benson that he was at his best in "Plato and Platonism." It is most unjust to identify Pater with the vagaries of the so-called æsthetic school, but the literary influence of a man so aloof from the common concerns of humanity was not salutary. Some of us who were pleased at finding that we could enjoy the work of the somewhat mysterious Brasenose Don, whom our brother-undergraduates ignored, may be glad to be reinforced by Mr. Benson. After all (as Pater would say) we could not pretend to the friend who wanted to acquire sound knowledge that the "Renaissance" would lift him up a class in the History School, or "Plato and Platonism" enable him to defeat the Greats examiner. Well!—as Pater would say—there was an atmosphere about his work. He was not effeminate, as some might suppose, and if he was not masculine it was because, in a sense, he was non-human. Yet one can remember the marvellous sympathy of some episodes in his books, and there was nothing vague or misty or nebulous in his writing. "To burn with a hard, gem-like flame," was his counsel to boys who associated burning chiefly with bonfires in the Quad. He is the apostle of the self-centred, yet one learns without surprise from Mr. Benson that his was not a selfish character. One little innocent pose Mr. Benson omits: Pater would lead you on quietly, if you started a subject—mentioned, let us say, some place in Italy—to air your imperfect views or record your crude impressions, and would receive them with almost deferential interest, as one glad to learn. Later on you would discover by chance that he had known for years every inch of the ground—had perhaps made it the scene of one of his most elaborate descriptions.

BACK TO THE MOORS.

BY grace of the calendar, grouse enjoy an extra day of peace this year, for the Twelfth falls on a Sunday. There was every reason to believe a month or two ago that the season would be a poor one throughout Scotland. There were heavy rains in May, when the birds had just begun to build, and reports from some of the moors could hardly have been less encouraging than they were. Now that we are close upon the opening-day of the year, keepers seem inclined to admit that the season, as far as the lower moors are concerned, will not be so bad, after all. The storms of middle May, fatal to the grouse upon the high grounds, spared many of the lowland nests. The birds whose first clutch of eggs was spoilt seem to have decided that it was their duty to lay another, and the second attempt appears to have been attended with a fair measure of success in places where the moor is well protected against bad winds. Of course, it is just possible that a gamekeeper may indulge in spring pessimism on principle. Should his worst prognostications be fulfilled he stands justified; should the season turn out a better one than he said it would it is clear that he deserves all praise for the extraordinary care and attention that have changed the prospects of the year. As far as can be ascertained, there is no outbreak of grouse-disease to be recorded, unless it is in the Eskdale country, and, indeed, an eminent pathologist who is engaged upon the study of grouse-disease has been heard to complain that he cannot get any clear cases of it for his investigation. Moors receive the most skilled treatment in these days of high rents and one-year agreements, and foreign sportsmen, particularly Americans, who are unable to preserve game owing to their country's laws, are keeping up the prices in fashion that must be highly satisfactory to the proprietors of Northern shootings. It is likely that shooting will be delayed in the districts that have suffered most from the May storms, in order to give late broods some extra time for development.

While the red grouse flourishes and will come to the markets of the south in his thousands before the first week of the shooting is well on the wane, his cousins, the black game, are doing badly. In parts of Scotland where the writer could always be sure of securing a few brace between the last week of August and the end of September there is never a brace of black game to be seen; and though shepherds and keepers say that a few birds may be observed in very severe weather, and at the beginning of the breeding season, when the males are fighting hard for the possession of the grey hens, there is not one for every ten that might have been seen less than twenty years ago. The causes are two-fold. In the first place, August 20 is too early for black game—the young ones are not fit for the gun, and are not able to give a good account of themselves. In the second place, the breeding of pheasants is very much on the increase, and as the pheasants come in they drive the black game out. Nobody quite knows why, and many grey hens of peculiar plumage are mistaken for hybrids; but, as far as can be ascertained, pheasants and black game will seldom or never interbreed, and when the pheasant comes the black game goes. The ptarmigan, another cousin of the red grouse, still contrives to endure in his rocky retreats high up in the neighbourhood of cloudland. Grey in summer and white in winter, given to travelling in small companies, and incapable of sustained or difficult flight, the ptarmigan, for all that he is pursued by many a bird of prey, gives a very good account of himself, and is better able to defend himself than the red grouse of the moors, though few human beings do anything to improve his chances of thriving.

Perhaps the red grouse is a little pampered, but he really needs all the assistance he receives. His enemies are innumerable; the stoat and the marten kill for the sake of killing, and though the weasel is said to serve a moor by keeping down the mice that tend to swarm all over it, he is far from being above suspicion. The golden eagle and countless hawks take toll of the red grouse, and it is an unfortunate fact that many birds are netted by poachers, who in a really good sporting country are seldom to be denied. Of course, the birds of prey do a certain amount of good to a moor, because they find the cripples easiest to capture, and if these remained at the end of a season they might tend to breed weaklings. On the other hand, of course, the birds of prey do not limit themselves to the unfit, and one would hardly ask for a gamekeeper to hold his hand save in the case of birds like the golden eagle and peregrine falcon, that call for a certain amount of preservation in the interests of natural beauty.

Strange that while one section of the sporting public loves the red grouse and finds special delight in the coming of August, another section hates the sight of the bird. This last group, of course, is made up for the most part of deer-stalkers. Over and over again the red grouse are the first to remark the advent of the stalker and his companion, and as soon as they appear in sight the senior cock-bird of the covey challenges at the top of his voice. The cry serves, like the bark of the roebuck, as a warning to the red deer, and many a man who has toiled painfully over heather and brown rocks, and into unexpected pools whose presence had not been betrayed to him by the surrounding cotton grasses, has had the misfortune to alarm a grouse, and lose his shot in consequence. In some deer-stalking districts keepers are known to destroy every grouse-nest they find, but there are generally enough grouse left, even in the very worst years, to stand once or twice during the season between the stalker and his prey.

For all that, from the turmoil of the season the sportsman turns with delighted anticipation to the freshness of the moor, where he may recreate body and mind and find relaxation in the fine excitement of the shoot. There is no landmark in the long year's course more welcome than the Twelfth to the man who has in him the true spirit of sport, and who can appreciate not only the mere making of a bag but all the charm of open country and bracing winds.

THE MOST EXCLUSIVE OF CLUBS; THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. R. R. R.



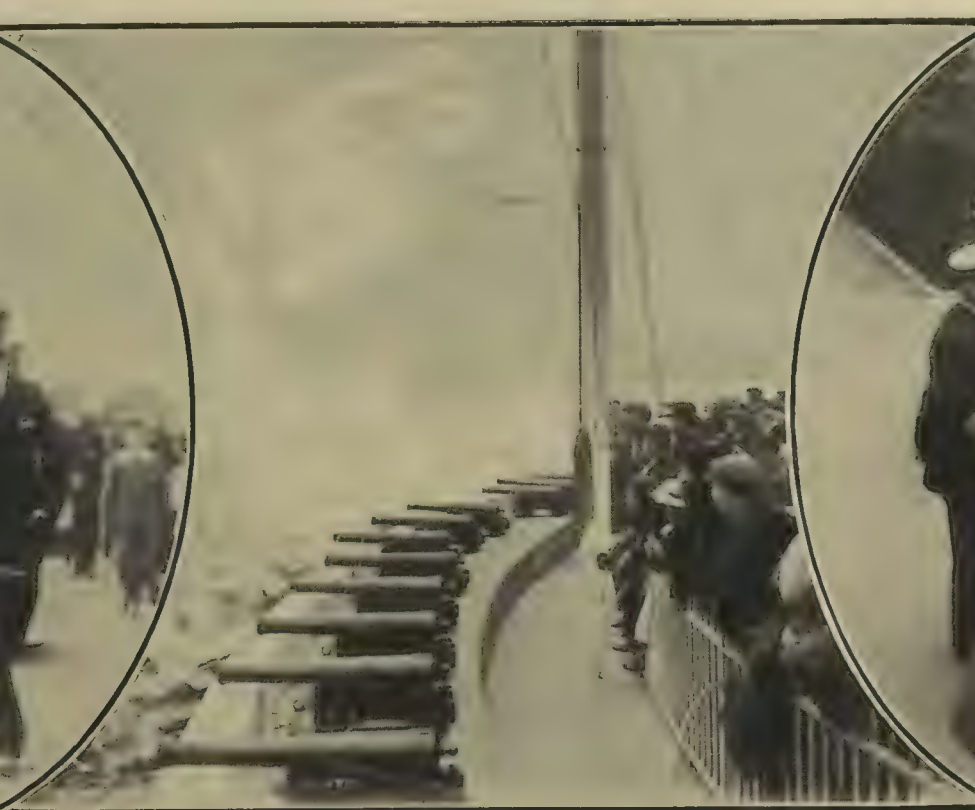
THE LANDING-STAGE OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON CLUB HOUSE, WITH RACING YACHTS IN THE OFFING.



THE FRONT AT COWES DURING THE REGATTA: THE SCENE FROM THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON CLUB HOUSE.



THE FIRST YACHTSMAN IN EUROPE: THE KING AT COWES.



STARTING THE YACHTS: THE SCENE FROM THE BATTERY AT THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.



THE COMMODORE. Mr. Montague Guest. THE COMMODORE (THE MARQUESS OF ORMONDE) AND MR. MONTAGUE GUEST AT THE CLUB.



THE CLUB HOUSE AND THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON LANDING-STAGE AT COWES DURING THE REGATTA.



THE CRÈME DE LA CRÈME OF YACHTING SOCIETY: ON THE LAWN AT THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON

Cowes, the centre of the yachting world, is the home of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the most exclusive club in the world. The club, of which the Marquess of Ormonde is Commodore, counts the King among its members. Mr. Montague Guest is the Librarian of the Squadron, and its historian. The Club is housed in the fort, a building dating originally from Henry the Eighth's time. One of the sights of the club house is its battery of miniature cannon, some of which are used for starting the yacht races.

A GREAT WATERWAY THE "DREADNOUGHT" WILL ALTER.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



THE GERMAN CRUISER "YORCK" PASSING THROUGH THE KAISER WILHELM CANAL, KIEL.

It has been announced that the Kiel Canal is to be widened at a cost of many millions, in order to enable it to admit vessels of the "Dreadnought" type. The Kaiser Wilhelm Canal was opened in 1895 by the German Emperor. It is sixty-four miles long, and has locks only at its extremities at Holtenau and Brunsbüttel. The width is 197 feet. Its naval value to Germany is said to be equal to fifteen men-of-war. The "Yorck" is one of the Kaiser's newest cruisers. She is of 9050 tons, is 403½ feet long, and has 65½ feet beam. She carries four 8½-in. guns, ten 6-in., twelve 24-pounder, ten 1-pounder, and four machine guns. Her armour-belt is four inches thick amidships. Her complement is 557.

WHITE WINGS AT COWES: THE YACHTING OLYMPIA.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WEST.



"A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA": A BEAUTIFUL YACHTING PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE SOLENT.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Aug. 11, 1906. — 208

THE MOST POWERFUL FIGHTING MACHINE IN THE WORLD: H.M.S. "DREADNOUGHT."
VISITED BY THE KING, AUGUST 4.

The "Dreadnought" was launched by the King at Portsmouth on February 10, 1906. She is now almost ready for her steam trials. In appearance she is peculiar. She has the length of a mighty cruiser, and a vast beam necessitated by her heavy armament. She has outclassed every other existing vessel, and puts us eighteen months in advance of other sea Powers. The restricted Admiralty programme allows for three more "Dreadnoughts." Her complement has been reduced, owing to the extreme simplicity and uniformity of her armament. Note the steel props of the mast, in place of stays. The funnels are oval, to cleave the wind. Viewed abeam, they look huge; ahead, very small.

"DREADNOUGHT'S" DIMENSIONS AND ARMAMENT.

Displacement...	18,000 tons.
Length ...	520 ft.
Beam ...	82 ft.
Draught (mean) ...	26½ ft.
Armour belt ...	11 in.
Speed ...	21 knots.
Armament ...	Ten 12-in. guns, twenty-seven 12 pdrs.
Eight of the 12-in. guns can fire on the broadside, six ahead, and six astern.	

IDEAL ARMAMENTS OF THE POWERS COMPARED.

British (<i>Dreadnought</i>) ...	Ten 12-in. guns.
French ...	Four 12-in., twelve 9'4-in. guns.
Russian ...	Four 12-in., twelve 10-in. guns.
Japanese ...	Four 12-in., twelve 10-in. guns.
U.S.A. ...	Eight 12-in. guns.
German ...	Fourteen 11-in. guns.
Italian (New Cuniberti System) ...	Eight 13'5-in. guns.

THE TOILS OF PLEASURE: A YACHTING CREW'S HARD WORK.

DRAWN BY FLEMING WILLIAMS.



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"ONE MORE!" GETTING THE MAINSHEET IN ON A RACING YACHT

Nowadays yachts have reached such a high state of perfection that the man who wishes to win a race must use every ounce of skill and ingenuity he possesses. It is when sailing close to the wind that some of the nicest points of seamanship

are called into play, and to be able to fetch a mark without having to make an extra tack may mean winning the race. To do that the boom is sometimes hauled in until it is almost parallel with the keel—no easy task in a stiff breeze.

AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

WHO says that modern poetry is scarce, or neglected by the critics? In half a column of an evening paper I find no fewer than four poets criticised. To parody the beautiful but ungrammatical ballad of "Mary Hamilton"—

There was Mr. Austin, and Mr. Coutts,
And Miss Amélie Rives, and me!

For once I am quite a contented minstrel, much gratified by a most friendly notice of no less than nine lines and a half. But were I the Poet Laureate I might feel aggrieved even by the relatively large allowance of sixteen lines from "the tired reviewer," as the critic calls himself. For criticising the Laureate could the man not wait till he felt fresh? His quotations are brief, such as—

She sins upon a larger scale,
Because she is herself more large.

The critic must be indeed fatigued if he is not reminded of the man who stammered more in New York than in Chicago "because New York is a bigger place."

He stammered on a larger scale
Because the city was more large.

I do not know if it is a physiological and psychological fact that large women sin upon a large scale, while little women confine themselves to peccadillos. Was Mr. Bonnor necessarily a greater sinner than an excellent cricketer of the 'sixties known as "Tiny"—? Both, in fact, were most respectable men.

Mary Stuart is said to have been six feet in height—judging by her bones—and if she was, as she said, "a greater sinner than the Penitent Thief," she sinned up to her height and weight. We should make allowance for this in estimating her character. But her mother was also so large a woman that Henry VIII. desired to marry her, he being a large man, as he remarked. Yet this lady did not sin at all, as far as we know, and her only forgery on record was a very little one. On the whole, I doubt as to a pre-established harmony between size and sinning.

Miss Rives appears to have written a Stephen Philipppic of a drama on St. Augustine in his years of poetry and the wild oats; while Mr. Coutts, like the celebrated Rev. Mr. Nevoy, responsible for the Dunaverty massacre of Irish troops, made what the Rev. Mr. Wodrow called "a handsome paraphrase of the Song of Solomon." Mr. Coutts's paraphrase, we hope, is handsome.

Who wrote the following athletic lines, on which my delighted eye fell casually, when taking up at random a volume of poetry from a celebrated hand—

As wave on wave shocks and confounds
The bounding bulk whereon it bounds?

Here are a vigour and an elasticity unparalleled; we think of the Bounding Brothers of Araby: and feel sympathy with the bounding wave that "confounded" the bounding bulk of its brother. I confess that, taking the two lines without context, I never could have guessed the author's name.

When did crests come into use? A great authority, Mr. Oswald Barron, contradicts the Rev. Harvey Bloom, who, in his "English Seals," says that "no one is found using a crest between Richard I. and Edward III." "Several well-known seals" prove that crests were used at that period, but when do they first appear on helmets? It is in the reign of Edward II., I think, or early in that of Edward III., that a Scottish contemporary describes the first appearance of "timbres and crakkis of war" (crests and guns) at the Siege of Berwick. They may well have been used earlier in France and England, though unknown to the Scots.

There were no armorial bearings on shields at the Battle of Hastings, but fleurs-de-lis and other ornaments were then painted on the shields. Heraldic-looking animals, crosses, and even our Union Jack (which is odd), are common on Greek shields of the seventh century B.C.; the arms of the Isle of Man—the three legs—also appear. But we have no certain proof that such Greek armorial bearings went down from father to son; they seem to have been purely personal. The Indians of British Columbia have hereditary badges, and seem to "quarter" those of their maternal kin on the tall carved posts set up in front of their huts. Thus mediæval armorial bearings look like a relic of savage practice, but certainly they are of independent invention.

Has "second sight" any relation to the phenomena of mirage? The following anecdote suggests that second sight may be the result of "refraction of events" in a normal way. The Rev. —, a celebrated scholar (who tells the tale), was fishing Loch Leven with Lord —. They were out of sight of the little wooden pier whence the boats start. Mr. — remarked that Lord — was gazing with a strange and startled expression across the loch. "What is the matter?" he asked. "We are out of sight of the pier, are we not?" answered Lord —. "Certainly we are," said Mr. —. "Well, I saw the pier and a boat coming in with a very tall, heavy man lying in it. The boatman lifted him on to the pier with difficulty; he seemed to be dead." Returning at sunset, the angler found that a heavy fisher had died suddenly in his boat, and been lifted to the pier, at the moment when Lord — saw the thing happen.

Could this be a case of natural refraction, as when a friend of mine, walking down Market Street, St. Andrews, with his back to the cathedral, saw the cathedral facing him? Much amazed, he asked a passer-by if he saw anything unusual. "Man, I see the cathedral!" said the other. The vision was shared, but Mr. — did not share the vision of Lord —. His eyes may have been watching the water for a rising trout, at the right moment. Of course, this semi-scientific theory of mirage will not work when the second sight shows an event of the future, as it is said sometimes to do.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

H. E. KIDSON (Liverpool).—We honestly think you hold the record, and we trust you will long continue to do so. We will publish your problem at no distant date.

MRS. W. J. BAIRD.—We are waiting for a suitable opportunity for the two-mover, and meanwhile would not trespass on your kindness for another of a similar character. We are glad to know your "retractors" are so successful.

SORRENTO.—Thanks for problem, which is acceptable, as usual. The accompanying analysis is as formidable as it is interesting.

R. J. BLAND (India).—Your last three-mover is duly to hand. Both problems shall appear.

W. FRANKS.—(1) There is no solution as you propose. Please look again. (2) We have no access to the file so far back.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3234 to 3236 received from J. E. (Valparaiso); of No. 3241 from Girindra Chandra Mukherji (Muktagacha, India); and V. C. (Cape Town); of No. 3242 from Laurent Changuion (St. Helena Bay, Cape Colony) and V. C. (Cape Town); of No. 3243 from A. Rettich (Strettham); of No. 3246 from J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), William Charles Mautner (Ischl, Austria), A. G. Bagot (Dublin), Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), and A. Rettich; of No. 3247 from Eugene Henry (Lewisham), Stettin, J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), E. G. Rodway (Trowbridge), A. G. Bagot (Dublin), Shadforth, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), T. Roberts, H. W. Bick (Camberwell), George Trice (Deal), J. A. S. Hanbury (Birmingham), F. R. Pickering (Forest Hill, Sorrento), and C. E. Perugini.

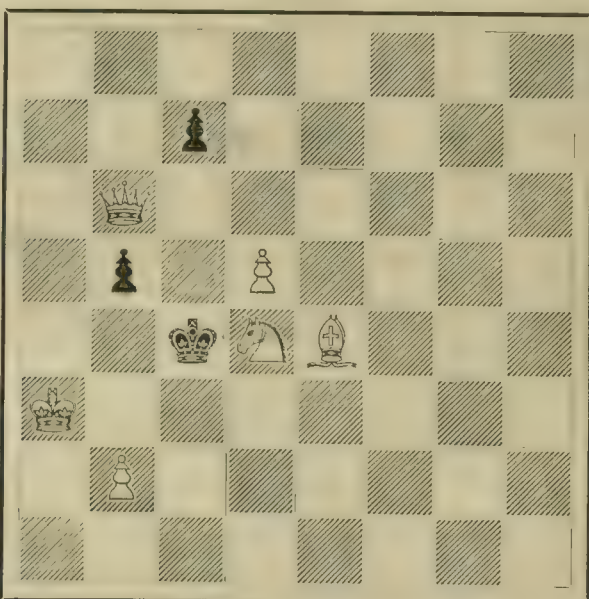
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3248 received from Shadforth, F. Henderson (Leeds), G. Collins (Burgess Hill), F. Waller (Luton), Albert Wolff (Putney), A. Groves (Southend), and Stettin.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3247.—By PHILIP H. WILLIAMS.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. K to Kt sq K to Kt 5th
2. Q to R 3rd (ch) K takes Q
3. B mates
If Black play 1. K to K 5th, 2. Q to Kt sq (ch); if 1. Kt moves, 2. Q to Q sq (ch); and if 1. Any other, then 2. B to Kt 6th, etc.

PROBLEM No. 3250.—By H. J. M.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN BELGIUM.

Game played in the Ostend Tournament between Messrs. BURN and BERNSTEIN.
(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. Burn).	BLACK (Mr. Bernstein).	WHITE (Mr. Burn).	BLACK (Mr. Bernstein).
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	24. P takes Kt	K to B 2nd
2. P to Q B 4th	P to Q B 3rd	25. P takes P	P takes P
3. P takes P	P takes P	26. R to Kt sq	Q to Q 3rd
4. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	27. P to R 4th	P to K Kt 3rd
5. B to B 4th	P to K 3rd	28. B to B 2nd	P to B 4th
6. P to K 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd	29. Q to B 3rd	P to Kt 3rd
7. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to Q 2nd	30. P to Kt 4th	P takes P
8. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	31. Q takes P	P to K Kt 4th
9. B to Q 3rd	B to K 2nd	32. B to K 4th	K to Kt sq
10. Q R to B sq	Kt to K R 4th	33. P to Kt 3rd	K to R 2nd
11. B to Kt 3rd	Kt takes B	34. K to Kt 2nd	R to Kt sq
12. R P takes Kt	Q to R 4th	Making use of a little breathing time to get his King under cover.	
13. K to B sq	Q R to B sq	35. K R to Q B sq	K R to Q B sq
14. K to Kt sq	P to K R 3rd	36. R to B 3rd	R to B 2nd
15. B to Kt sq	P to K R 3rd	37. Q R to Q B sq	P to Q Kt 4th
Seeing to his own weak spots before seeking those of the enemy. With King's Rook file open, there would be no object in Castling.		38. P takes P	P takes P
15. P to R 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd	39. R (B 3) to B 2nd	Q to R 3rd
16. Q to K 2nd	Q to Kt 5th	40. Q to B 5th	B to R 6th
17. Kt to Q R 4th	Kt to R 4th	The defence is skilful and ingenious, and has to be carefully watched. A little remissness on White's part might find Black formidable.	
18. Kt to B 3rd		41. R to Q R sq	P to Q Kt 5th
19. Kt to K 5th		42. Q to K 5th	R (Kt sq) to Q B sq
The Knights now come in with great effect, and it is difficult to see what can be done to repel their charge. Castling is out of the question, and the fine sacrifice that follows proves the weakness of the text move. Perhaps R to Q sq is the least open to objection.		43. B to B 5th	Q to Kt 2nd (ch)
19. Kt to B 5th	Kt takes Kt	44. K to Kt sq	Q to B 3rd
20. Kt takes B	P takes Kt	45. B takes R	R takes B
21. Kt takes P	Q to R 3rd	46. Q to K 7th (ch)	K to Kt 3rd
22. B to B 5th (ch)	K R to K Kt sq	47. R takes B	
23. Q to Kt 4th		Relying on his passed Pawns to win the ending.	
24. P to Kt 3rd		47. P takes R	P takes R
Winning back the piece, as mate follows if the Knight opens the file to the Rook. The whole combination is splendidly carried through by White.		48. Q takes P	R to Q R sq
		49. Q to Kt 4th (ch)	K to B 2nd
		50. P to Q 5th	
		And wins. If the tempting R takes P had been played, Black mates in three by R to R 8th (ch), etc. The game is a credit to both sides.	

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

"SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE ON."

FROM regarding sleep and some of its more prominent features in a recent article, we may pass by a natural transition to the consideration of dreams and dreaming. Always a topic of great popular as well as scientific interest, dreaming is none the less a theme difficult of adequate treatment almost within any limits, because of its extremely wide nature, and of the many issues it involves. It begins with the scientific investigation, as far as that is possible, of dreaming, and it ends with superstitious views regarding dreams as omens and portents of happenings which are believed to exercise their power for good or for evil on our destinies. The literature of dreams, too, is very extensive. The theme appears to have afforded a very desirable and favourite subject of discussion from man's earliest days, when, indeed, we find the dream very intimately mixed up with primitive religious beliefs themselves.

And yet the ordinary physiology of dreaming should not be a specially difficult matter in the way of explanation—that is, in a general sense. It falls into strict line with the explanation of sleep and other allied brain phenomena. Given full activity of brain-cells all round in the waking state, we know that in sleep the loss of consciousness implies the temporary switching off of certain groups of brain-cells from active service. But other groups may not be, and indeed we may say we know are not, so dissociated. They continue, let us say, to act and function under modified conditions; and doing their best to act as deputies to their superior cells, which are "out of town" for the night, they give rise to that kind of dim sub-consciousness—that playing at reality and never attaining it—we call dreaming. This is a brief statement of what is meant by the phrase, "subliminal consciousness," or that under-layer of mental action which seems, like certain underlying geological strata, to crop out here and there from amongst the mass of formations that constitute the surface features of a district.

The main characteristic of most dreams is either their irrationality when they deal with ordinary events, or their grotesque and bizarre nature when they assume the fairy-tale order of development. Most dreams, otherwise sensible enough reproductions of our acts, or even our thoughts, will be found to develop a ludicrous, senseless side or ending, if only we can dream them out to the end. You get along so far with the dream smoothly and sensibly, and then, as if the subliminal cells could no longer sustain their attempt to tell their story rationally, the narrative goes off at a tangent into the impossible, when, as a result, you as often as not wake up. That dreams can be suggested to the sleeping man (or shall I say the man who is just about to pass into the unconscious state?) is a fact. Besides, we get suggestions for dreams from the surroundings of our lives. The chances are that if one wakes on a bright summer's morning with a fair view of the sun, and drops off to sleep again, a dream of fire and light will be his portion. It was in this way that certain of our older physiologists, suffering from cold feet, dreamt they were climbing an iceberg. Another, whose hot-water bottle was rather over the mark in the matter of its temperature, is said to have imagined he had been transported to Vesuvius, and had struck a recent lava steam; while, if I am correct, the famous Dr. Abercrombie records that having had a fly-blister applied to his cranium, he dreamt he had been scalped by Red Indians.

It would not be an unreasonable view of dreams to hold that every dream has its suggestion or nucleus in some actual event of life and, we might add, a memory, or even a thought or phantasy. Long-forgotten events are often disinterred from the memory chambers and niches, and raked up to form texts for dreams. More than this, I am convinced strongly that the dreams of each of us are largely tinged by what may be called predominating thoughts or circumstances in our lives. Let me give a personal example. Time was when I edited a weekly journal dealing with hygienic matters. The labour was great, because, practically, I had the whole journalistic fabric resting on my own shoulders, and there was considerable anxiety and responsibility involved in my work. That particular incident in my history ended twelve or fifteen years ago; yet significant is it that frequently my dreaming-centres when, as it were, they are in want of a topic for their drama, turn on the despair of an editor for my delectation. I dream sometimes that I have missed the day of publication, or that I have stopped the paper for some weeks, and then think of resuming. Then I get late for the press in my dreams, or the printing machinery breaks down. Such are a few of the nightmares that have haunted me for years. They are the products of a certain definite labour-period in my life which has left its mark on some susceptible areas and cells in the region of my subliminal consciousness.

There is great sport to be found in the tracing and tracking of dreams to their possible sources. You can succeed in this task in a great number of cases, only please to remember that the dream is rarely the plain, unvarnished tale or reproduction of your stored-up experiences. On the contrary, it is a story which is contorted and twisted, burlesqued, edited, added to, taken from, and transmogrified, in fact, to such an extent that it is difficult often to trace the nucleus in the original idea, fact, or event which gave it birth. The dream is the kind of shuttlecock which represents the object of erratic, indeterminate sport on the part of the mental players. It is only in their very sober moments that they will give you a true picture of your past, and even then they will often adorn it with a few touches of their own invention.

And of dreams as portents? Well, if some dreams anticipate events, truly more or less, what of it? The long arm of coincidence explains that. And if some dreams come true, what of the millions that do not?
ANDREW WILSON.

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food
It ennobled our hearts and enriched our blood;
Our soldiers were brave and our courtiers were good;
O, the Roast Beef of Old England,
And O, for Old England's Roast Beef!

ACCORDING to the tense of these doggerel lines one might infer that at the time Leveridge composed the famous old song roast beef had ceased to be the Englishman's food, and that our soldiers and courtiers, having, peradventure, adopted foreign fare, were no longer to be considered brave and good. Be this as it may, there still lives the tradition that roast beef is the stuff that hardy John Bull of England is made of, and that it still remains an important factor in the greatness of Great Britain. If there have been periods when native taste and fashion have been perverted to the more delicate and less wholesome kickshaws of the Continent, it is certain that in recent days there has been a revulsion and a return to the ancient and substantial bill-of-fare of our fathers, who, according to the poet, were "robust, stout, and strong." Moreover, it may be said that our appetite for good, plain, honest, unadulterated meat is no longer looked upon as insular. *Rosbif d'Angleterre* is now more than ever honoured with a place on the most *recherché* Parisian menus, and though it may be but a poor imitation of the genuine article, it may at least be taken as a compliment and token of *l'entente cordiale* now happily existing between the two nations.

Our other particular friends, the Japs, in their present aim and ambition of improving their physique, may well be recommended to try the virtue of Roast Beef. Let them start by opening in Tokio an old English Dining House on the lines of our Simpson's in the Strand, the place where digestion always waits on appetite and good health on both; then doubtless the next generation of Japs will be found as "robust, stout, and strong" as those who amongst their English allies have built up their constitutions and their stature by good plain, cut-off-the-joint dinners, washed down by genuine British-brewed beer, and perchance in time their sallow yellow complexions may through the agency of Northern diet assume the ruddier and more healthy Anglo-Saxon hue. Meanwhile, if they would learn all the secrets of England's "mighty Roast Beef," how to choose it and

how to cook it, no greater nor more reliable authority can be found than Thomas Davey, an Englishman who for nine-and-thirty years, dating from Easter Sunday, 1867,

a large share of his culinary attention, and not a few lambs, calves, and sucking-pigs have been included in his huge sacrifice. None the less may the veteran's judgment be accepted when he tells us that the best Roast Beef of Old England is that of the bullock born and bred on Scottish moors, killed at Smithfield, and roasted at the vast open range at No. 100, Strand.

These are, of course, conditions that suggest difficulties in the establishment of a Simpson's in Japan or any other quarter of the globe, and there are other features, essentially English and peculiar to the famous old Dining House, not easy to be attained elsewhere; for instance, the expert carvers: the youngest of those at Simpson's has been joint-cutting there for a quarter of a century. Experience has not only taught them how best to display the excellent quality of each joint beneath the knife, but has created an instinct that enables them, as it were, to satisfy the palate and appetite of every individual diner. Then again there are managerial methods and systems to ensure perfect service, such as well-warmed plates, hot vegetables, sharp knives, spotless napery, and many another detail, wanting which the best quality of Roast Beef, however perfectly roasted, is unappetising. These are some of the lessons to be learnt at Simpson's, where the present manager, Mr. N. C. Wheeler, has passed twenty-eight years of his life, from apprenticeship to become master of his craft; whilst his trusty head waiters, Sydney, Fred, and Alfred (whose portraits, with those of four veteran carvers, adorn this page), have all served a still longer period there.

Thus, in the consideration of the subject of the Roast Beef of Old England, one's thoughts naturally wander to the place which might be described as its chief temple, with old Thomas Davey officiating as high priest; though, by the way, if a secret may here be told, the veteran cook, who has earned the title "King of Roasters," and who has often sent a thousand pounds of meat to table in a single day, confesses that he himself, as a rule, abstains from beef because, in his opinion, beef is not good for rheumatics. When, however, Mr. Davey does indulge in a slice off a rib, he follows it with a

dose of *spirits of horseradish*, which he declares to be an excellent antidote to the poison that lurks even in that generally acknowledged most wholesome, muscle-making food "The Mighty Roast Beef of Old England."—C. B.



THOMAS DAVEY.

Who has controlled the kitchen of Simpson's-in-the-Strand since Easter Sunday, 1867, and has roasted 10,000,000 lb. of meat.

has ruled the roast at Simpson's, and has placed on spit no less than 10,000,000 pounds of meat. True, they have not been all bovine ribs and sirloins that have come before Davey's fire: saddles of Southdown mutton have claimed



VETERAN CARVERS AND SUPERINTENDENTS AT SIMPSON'S-IN-THE-STRAND.

The youngest of them has served there for over a quarter of a century.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

THE Dean of Manchester has announced that he does not propose to make any important changes in the service of the Cathedral. In his opening sermon he said, "I am a strong Evangelical. I am a still stronger Churchman. But I am, I hope, strongest of all as a Christian." Dr. Welldon added that one who had preached, as he had, in many parts of the British Empire and beyond it, was naturally disposed to dwell on the great fundamental truths rather than on the differences between one Christian denomination and another. The Dean also intimated that he wishes to hold himself aloof from political controversy.

Canon J. M. Wilson has undertaken the secretaryship of the Finance and House Committee of the Worcester Blind School.

Speaking at the recent prize-distribution, Canon Wilson remarked that, out of 120 who had passed through the school, 55 had graduated at universities and 30 were in Holy Orders. One of the Worcester boys is now curate of a colliery parish in Yorkshire. He was ordained by Bishop Bickersteth to a wild country district in Devon, where there are two

churches five miles apart; but he was soon able to find his way between them alone. His sermons are preached from the Braille type, and he administers the Holy Communion with the aid of a lay server.

Canon Barnett, who was installed last week at Westminster Abbey, is rapidly recovering from his recent attack of influenza. His successor, Canon Talbot, was installed at Bristol Cathedral during evensong on Monday. Owing to the weak state of his health, Canon Barnett has recently given up preaching, but hopes to be quite equal to his duties in the autumn.

The Bishop of Manchester's mission at Blackpool has drawn even larger crowds than those of August 1905. The opening meetings on the sands were interfered with somewhat by the rain.

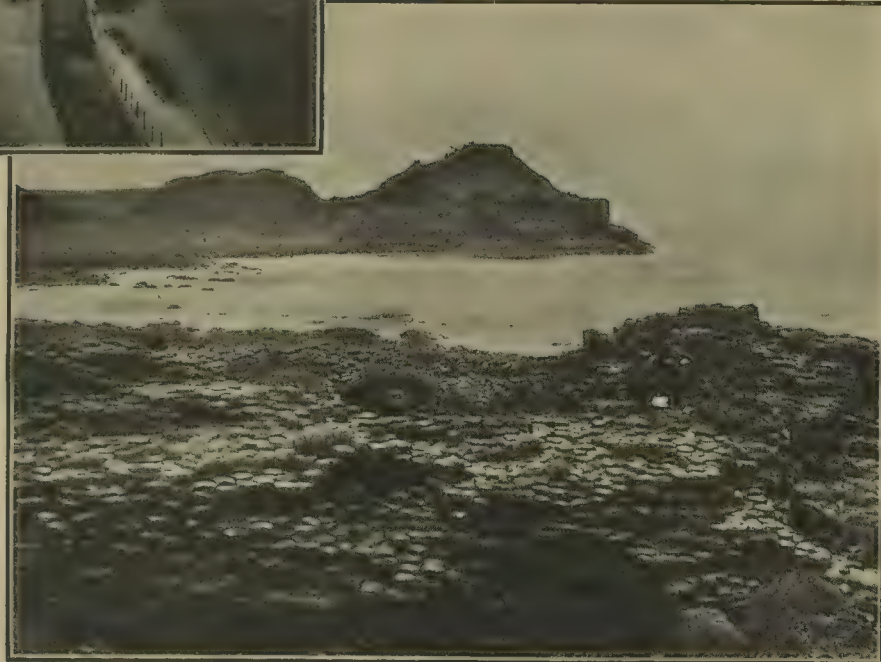
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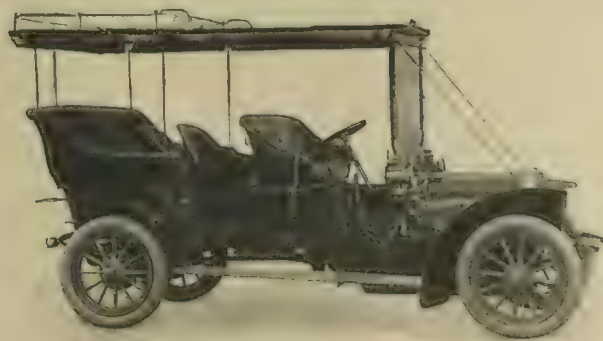


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LADIES' PAGES.

COWES Week will probably always remain one of the most interesting and delightful Society functions. It is the last great gathering before "the world where they amuse themselves" disperses far and wide; it is informal and free in psychological atmosphere, and refreshing and exhilarating in regard to the material atmosphere, and even the modern monster that is magically changing so much, the motor, cannot affect the little island gathering. The return of the youthful Queen of Spain to the home of her childhood gives the week an added interest this time. Dress at Cowes displays supreme simplicity, which is the highest form of art. Nobody is over-dressed, but every yachting woman is well dressed, each apparently considering comfort and ease in the first place, but really having a keen eye to appearance.

Short, natty boleros are leading fashions in the yachting week's gowns; but little coats that turn the waist are also popular; and three-quarter length, tight-fitting coats are smartly worn by the few who boast perfect figures. Blue serge, the ever-useful and practical, is most seen, but white serge in various degrees of fineness and tone of colour is also greatly patronised. Scarlet is a good colour for the sea-shore, but not every woman wears it successfully. There is one good costume in striped scarlet and biscuit-coloured linen, the skirt accordeon-pleated, and the coatee just turning the waist, strapped with bands of scarlet serge. Linen is worn in mornings rather extensively, but for going on a yacht, where the spray may suddenly besprinkle you, and the breeze of the ocean is almost sure to bring a refreshing coolness, serge or flannel is most practical and safest wear, as most people show that they believe. Then there are the useful and unspoilable "scouring cloths" or "house-flannels," which somehow manage to look sufficiently smart, notwithstanding the coarseness of the texture and the roughness of the surface. An oatmeal-coloured scouring-cloth gown made as regards the skirt with eleven gores, each piped with scarlet, and as regards the corsage, with a short bolero edged with scarlet, and trimmed with buttons of scarlet rimmed with gold, is really *chic*. A navy serge of fine quality, the skirt stitched down in pleats to the knee, thence falling in full natural folds, and a loosely hanging bolero having a narrow vest of Nattier-blue cloth edged with a tiny kilted frill of black taffeta, and turning back with revers of blue to show a starched linen "dickey" and black tie, is another simple but successful gown. An example of the long-fitting coat over a plain skirt is in cream serge, with the turn-down collar effectively braided in black-and-gold, and the buttons large gilt ones exactly copied in shape from the ordinary brace-button, sewn on with black silk. Another long-basqued coat is in a cream-and-black striped flannel with blue velvet collar and cream braiding round the



A YACHTING GOWN AT COWES.

Fine blue serge, trimmed with lines of white serge on skirt and bolero, is further adorned by blue braiding on the white revers and collar.

edge under the velvet. A cream-serge bolero, provided with a white satin vest braided with soutache braid of orange-colour and a satin collar similarly piped, then a belt of white satin closed with a gilt buckle, is, perhaps, a thought too smart.

It is surely a striking fact that the Tsar has just signed a new Constitution for Finland, which gives the vote to all women as well as all men over twenty-four years of age; while the Liberal Government of England have just propounded a Constitution for the Transvaal under which women remain entirely unrepresented. A memorial is being pressed for signature in this country by Liberal men blaming the Tsar for dissolving the Duma, while those very same men retain their own Tsar-like absolute and unrepresentative government for half their fellow-beings in England. Mr. Winston Churchill, in laying the Transvaal Constitution before the House of Commons, said that the Government had come to the conclusion "not to subject the new colony to the hazard of an experiment" by giving women in it representative government, regardless of the fact that another colony, New Zealand, has lived under a system of constitutional government for women as well as men for twelve years past, and has thus removed the system of representative government for all the people out of the realm of the experimental; while to give full representation to the Russian peasant-men is truly an experiment, full of peril to the established order.

Women can but continue to prove, as they daily do in a thousand ways, their intellectual ability, their public spirit, and their practical capacity for the organisation of affairs. An interesting effort is that for the emigration of pauper children devised by Mrs. Close, the progress of which was explained at a recent meeting at which the Duke of Argyll presided. Mrs. Close proposes that instead of the Poor Law Guardians maintaining here in workhouse schools or cottage homes the orphan and deserted children who come under their charge, the children shall be sent to small farms in Canada, where they can attend the ordinary schools and be trained for useful work under healthy conditions. Mrs. Close set forth her scheme two or three years ago at a Mansion House meeting, and since that, through the generosity of Mr. Maurice Ruffer, who gave her £1000 for the purpose, she has practically worked her scheme with great success. The Canadian Government has made her a free grant of land, a committee of ladies and gentlemen has been formed locally to supervise the farm working and look after the children, and she has been able already to prove that she can bring up the children there in health, happiness, and usefulness, at less than a fourth of the cost of their upbringing at home in pauperism.

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with many others. Malmaison carnations have attained rare size and perfection this season, many of the blossoms being almost as large as roses. The bouquet presented to the Queen at her visit to Newcastle was of another very fine new pink carnation named after herself when she bore the title that she endeared to us all, Princess of Wales. Then there are the more ordinary but deliciously scented carnations that any garden border will grow. One and all of the varieties match well with roses; pink geranium is excellent with the small white clove carnation; and any white flower, but especially the lily, mingles with the pink carnation excellently. A tall, trumpet-shaped vase of white lilies, with small silver bowls full of Malmaison carnations at four corners and trails of smilax uniting them, made an excellent combination. Sweet peas are very lasting for the table. Roses, unhappily, will not keep long after they are fully blown, but a happy new idea of the florist is to supply the crimson rambler growing in a pot and cleverly trained over bent canes to have a pretty effect in the centre of the table, and this lasts and renews its beauty for a good while. Scarlet geraniums combined with plenty of green, either maiden-hair or asparagus fern or tall, spiky, variegated grasses, is a fine decoration for a time, but wearisome to the eye at last, as the more delicate tints do not become. There has been hitherto a dearth of blue flowers, whether for table and room decoration or for garden display. This scarcity is now in a way to be remedied by the double lobelia, of a remarkably fine blue, and though very small still, of course, yet large enough to fill most effectively low, small vases or bowls. The delphinium, of the paler Cambridge blue, may be put in a taller vase, with some greenery, in the centre, and four low silver bowls with their network top concealed by double lobelia, and there is a blue scheme for the table which has the charm of novelty as well as beauty.

A fichu is an easily arranged addition to an ordinary little frock for a garden party, and converts it as surely as any touch can do into an artistic garment. Quite a simple blouse-bodice is made as effective as a copy of a Romney or Gainsborough picture if a prettily folded muslin or lace fichu is drawn from the shoulders down over the figure to end under the belt. A piece of soft spotted white muslin folded over the figure and run along as the edge comes on each side with a band of narrow lace is as pretty a fichu as a more elaborate confection. If the gown be of a dainty material, one would have the fichu of the same; while for a white muslin frock a fichu of coloured or figured muslin is pretty, and should harmonise with any colours worn in the hat. There are so many sweetly pretty designs in floral and figured muslin and chiffon and ninon-de-soie that the only difficulty is to choose which to have from amongst the riches displayed before us. Picturesqueness is allowed to the youthful dresser, and nothing looks too gay if only good taste in the admixture of colours is available.



A PRETTY PROMENADE GOWN.

Heliotrope voile was chosen to express this graceful design, the collar of fine cambric being trimmed with the same lace as the skirt, and finished with straps and bows of black velvet ribbon.

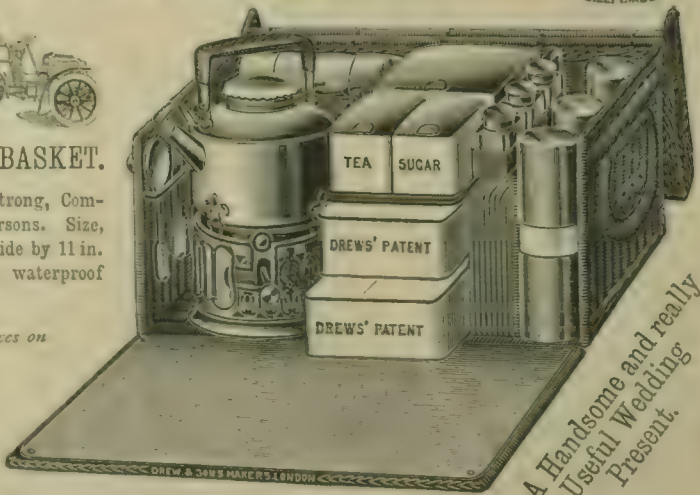
If you possess any antique and beautiful buttons, do not fail to take advantage of the current craze for them as adornments. They can be utilised at the present moment to the best advantage. On a belt, on the edges of a bolero, on an Empire short corsage, on a skirt, they will fill a fashionable place, no matter what may be their size, shape, or colour, provided always that they are artistic and a little quaint. Of old lace the same may be stated; it can be well utilised, no matter where or in how small quantity. The fashion that allows several different varieties of lace to be used on one and the same frock is very kind in this respect, for all one's possessions can be thus utilised in some way. A yoke collar of guipure, a pair of cuffs of old Mechlin, motifs at the corners of a bolero composed of cleverly arranged old-fashioned straight collar-bands in Brussels point, and a natty little jabot constructed from a small handkerchief in old point d'Alençon were all seen in harmonious combination recently on a voile dress. On the guimpes or blouses-tops that finish the Empire or corselet gowns one sees mixed coarse lace like guipure with fine frillings of Valenciennes; or Irish crochet lightened by applications of some finer lace, such as Alençon or Spanish blonde lace.

Frillings, gaugings, or ruchings of the material of the gown are perhaps the most popular decorations after lace. Such self trimmings are particularly successful with figured and flowered materials. A black ground voile with floral design in shades of pink, and a cream voile on which are thrown clusters of mauve blossoms, particularly commended themselves trimmed with a flat ruche of their own material. Very useful and "dressy" trimmings are produced by arranging the detached "motifs" of lace or passementerie that are to be bought in the centre of a ruche of the material. The strip of muslin or taffetas, about a couple of inches wide, is run at each edge over a narrow piping cord, and then the gathering thread drawn up sufficiently to make the fabric lie in graceful pleatings all along. The strip of trimming thus prepared can be cut in appropriate lengths to be arranged in ovals or in squares at intervals on the skirt; or it can be put on all round the skirt in a wavy line, crossing another similar line of trimming at intervals, so as to leave a space enclosed at each junction. In the oval, or in the curve of these two lines, as chosen, is set an embroidered medallion, or a "motif" of lace, and a distinguished and original effect is at once produced. The passementeries sold in lengths or by the yard will be almost always found, on close scrutiny, to be so made that the successive designs can be severed without injury. A short length of a costly trimming produces much effect.—FILOMENA.

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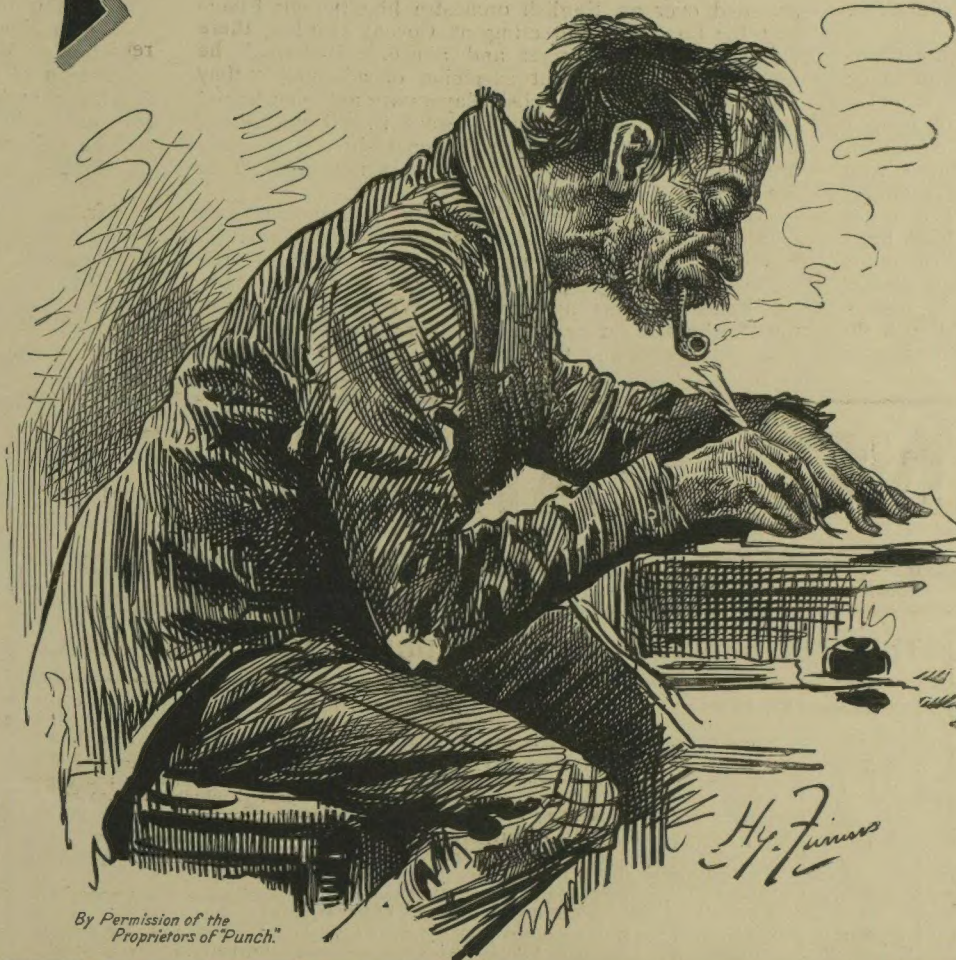
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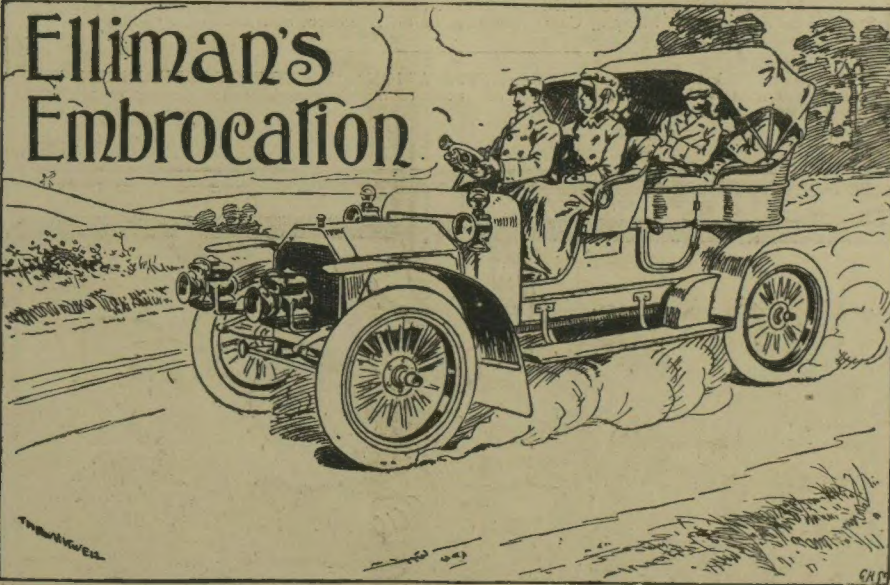
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MUSIC.

SIGNOR CAMPANINI ON ENGLISH MUSICIANS.

BEFORE leaving town at the close of the opera season, Signor Cleofonte Campanini, the distinguished conductor of Italian opera at Covent Garden, spoke to the writer about the orchestra. "When I came to London for the first time two years ago," he remarked, "I was a little afraid of the English player. Musicians had told me that he is cold and does not respond readily, that I should have to give more rehearsals than are required in Italy, and should not then be able to rely upon results. It was a little disturbing, this suggestion, and I was rather anxious about the time when I should direct English players.

"When the moment came," continued Signor Campanini, "I found that I had been quite misinformed; the faults I had been warned against did not exist. In all my experience, which is not a small one, I have never found a body of men better equipped, more intelligent, or more responsive than those who play at Covent Garden. They jump at my meaning, they respond at once to my intention, and I can get more from them after two rehearsals than I have been able to secure after four or five with some of the other orchestras that I have directed elsewhere. They are not merely good players, they are students of music, understand my aims, and are always ready and willing to do their best. Rehearsal is a pleasure"—and here Signor

Campanini broke off to ask if the writer had been present at rehearsal at any of the great Italian opera-houses.

We instanced the Scala, San Carlo, Costanzi, and Pergola, the opera-houses of Milan, Naples, Rome, and Florence respectively, with vivid recollections of a perspiring and outraged conductor from whose fluent tongue abuse rolled like lava from Vesuvius, overwhelming the trembling leader of the violins, and stretching on each side to the imperturbable double-bass and the defiant trombones.

"Then you know what it is like," remarked Signor Campanini, "and have noticed that unfortunately many conductors are accustomed to lose their tempers. Be sure that they are tried severely. I am sure that if they presided over an English orchestra like the one I have had the honour of directing at Covent Garden, there would be no more anger and abuse. Perhaps," he added, with just a faint suspicion of a smile, "they would learn, too, that English players are not accustomed to such treatment and would resent it. Then, again, it is fair to remember that the opera-houses of Italy are numbered by the score, so it is not possible to secure picked men for each."

We asked about the quality of the instruments to be found in the Italian opera-houses, and Signor Campanini confessed frankly that in the brass section of the orchestra England stands far in front of Italy. There the brass is harsh and coarse. Woe to the lover of music who sits too near trumpet, horn, trombone when a *tutti* is reached, and the brass has decided to show its

superiority to mere strings and wood-wind. Curiously enough, when one remembers that the Italian is a born musician, the brass section stands even in Italy in absurd proportions that obtain here in so many big orchestras. The brass is at its best in a military band, and should be given in homœopathic doses elsewhere; but neither composer nor conductor is very ready to abandon great effects, and will even quote Wagner or Berlioz in justification of proceedings that the music of those masters alone could justify.

Signor Campanini is now at Lucca, conducting the festival performances in honour of Puccini, who was born in that pleasant little city. He will go from there to America to conduct opera for Mr. Hammerstein, who is challenging the supremacy of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York with a fine company and excellent repertory. Madame Melba is his prima donna, and some idea of the outlay upon the venture is shown by the fact that her fee is five hundred pounds for each performance. In the spring of next year Signor Campanini will be welcomed on his return to Covent Garden.

Mr. G. S. Layard, Bull's Cliff, Felixstowe, having been commissioned to write the Life of Shirley Brooks, will be glad to have letters, reminiscences, and any other information which may help to make the book as complete as possible. The greatest care will be taken of any documents or pictures placed at the author's disposal.

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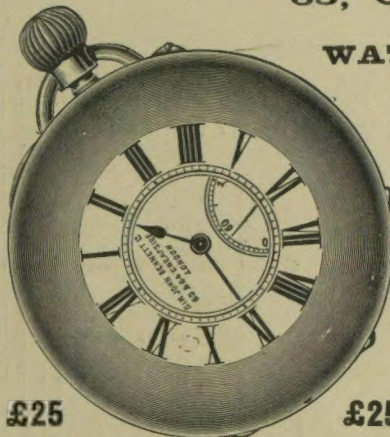
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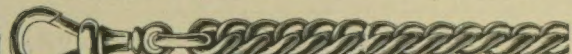
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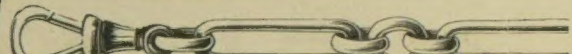


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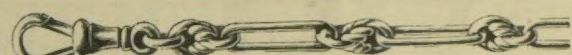
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated Feb. 15, 1902) of Mr. JOHN NAYLOR, of Elmwood, Allerton, near Liverpool, and Leighton Hall, Montgomery, banker, who died on April 10, was proved on April 25 by Mrs. Magdalene Naylor, the widow, Rowland Edward Leyland Naylor, the brother, and William Todd, the value of the estate being sworn at £284,089. The testator gives £1000 and all his personal effects, except money and securities, at his residences to his wife; the live and dead stock and crops and all arrears of rent to his son, John Murray; and £250 each to his said brother and William Todd. All other his property he leaves, in trust, for his wife for life, and then as she shall appoint to his children, and in default thereof to his children, the share of each child not being an eldest child not to exceed £25,000.

The will (dated Aug. 19, 1905) of Mr. WILLIAM BOWYER, of Buckden, Huntingdon, who died on May 7, has been proved by Thomas Bowyer, the son, William

Bowyer, Edward Walter Hunnybun, Gerald Hunnybun, and Henry Cranfield, the value of the estate being £128,631. The testator gives £500 to the Huntingdon County Hospital; £100 to the Agricultural Benevolent Institution; £8000, all his real estate, and the household furniture to his son; £250 each to Edward Walter Hunnybun and Gerald Hunnybun; and £200 each to William Bowyer and Henry Cranfield. His residuary estate is to be held in trust for his son for life, and then for his children as he shall appoint.

The will (dated Nov. 10, 1902) of Mr. JOHN ROXBY PRATT, of Ashleigh, Parkfield Road, Liverpool, who died on June 6, has been proved by Thomas Liddell Dodds, Robert Maw Capron, and John Crossley Pratt, and Herbert William Pratt, the sons, the value of the estate being £38,425. He gives the Newton Manor Farm, near Rugby, to his son Herbert William; his shares in the Liverpool Lighterage Company, the steamship Mersey, £3500 shares in the United Alkali Company, and his debentures in the North Western Uruguay Railway Company to his son, John Crossley, and the

residue between his two sons and two daughters, Mary Louisa and Sarah Winifred.

At the annual meeting of Waring and Gillow, Limited, Mr. S. J. Waring, jun. said that the year 1905 was the best in the history of the company as regards the volume of business and the profits earned, which were about £30,000 in excess of the preceding year. During the nine years of the company's existence there had been a continuous and unbroken record of increasing profits. In addition to paying the regular dividends on the seven per cent. cumulative ordinary shares, they were able to carry forward £30,000 to the general reserve, and also to carry forward nearly £15,000 to this year's accounts. In addition to their own reserve of £145,000, they were also building up substantial reserves in Messrs. Hampton's, the Waring-White, and other subsidiary companies. The meeting decided to secure the services on the board of Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge, who was for some time a leading partner in the great American stores of Marshall Field and Co. The report was unanimously adopted.

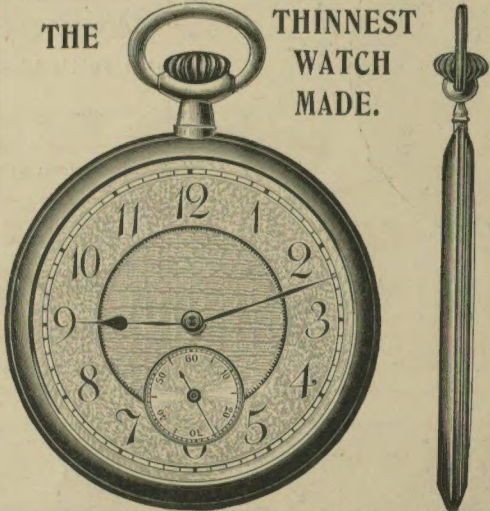
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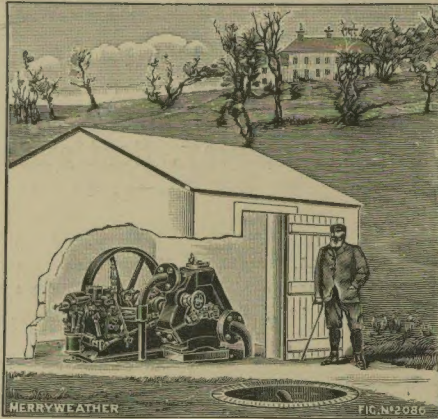
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